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THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT.

LIEUT. WALLIS' COURTSHIP.

By HARRIET RIDDLE DAVIS

With Drawings By ELIZABETH * SHIPPEN * GREEN.

THE little old-time fort, rising upon the banks of the Canadian River, lay basking in the hot spring sun. Its silent guns seemed to blink benignantly down upon the gray-green plain that stretched away to the north. The alder bushes, which grew along the water's edge, flaunted a luxuriant growth and color that were a joyous rebuke to the grim and ancient Shawnee hills which stood outlined against the sky to the south. Occasionally, a solitary pelican soared up and floated on outstretched wings along the bosom of the stream, and save for the swish of the flowing river and the gusts of hot wind that swept the plain, everything outside the fort was as silent as the hills themselves.

But within the fort, when once the sally-port and the guard were passed, the hot sun shone down upon a scene of life and stir, and it was evident that the whole garrison was on the move. Orderlies were swinging across the parade-ground from the officers' quarters to the men's barracks. Boxes and army chests were being fastened up on the grassy sward.

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A group of expectant men was gathered in the Colonel's office, awaiting the ticking of the wire which should bring final orders from the War Department; and everybody in the whole garrison, save the imperturbable sentries and the officer of the day, was moved out of his calm by the astounding news that the country was at war.

Speculation was rife as to whether the regiment in whole or part was to go to the front. The orders had read, "Hold troops ready to move on twenty-four hours' notice," and various were the opinions as to how much or how little this meant.

Upon one point, and one point only, was the whole garrison, men and women alike, agreed: this move would effectually put an end to the unfortunate affair of Lieutenant Wallis and Lois Fenimore; for even if Wallis should not be killed by the Spaniards or die of fever, it was not likely that when the war should be finally over he would be ordered back to this same post. And a sigh of thankfulness went up from every one, for Wallis was the best-liked man in the whole regiment, and his particular attentions to Lois Fenimore had been a source of much genuine concern to all alike.

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Poor Lois! She was so young, and her origin so obscure. She was generally supposed to be related to a former sutler of the regiment; but no one knew exactly the degree of relationship, and no one seemed to want to know. The young girl, when scarcely more than a child, had been adopted by the regiment, and had been taken in charge by Captain Ross' wife. Everybody knew about her, and felt a pity for her, and as she grew in beauty, the garrison began to fear that there would be a problem to solve in the near future.

Every one recalled that, at the time Wallis joined the regiment, which was only the previous fall, Lois had been absent on a visit at Fort Gibson, and no one had happened to mention her name to him. All that winter the post had been unusually dull. There were no young people, and there was no one to dance with at the hops but married women and half-fledged girls. There were not even the usual Indian depredations to vary the wearisome monotony of the days and weeks.

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Late one afternoon Wallis met Lois on the parade ground, just after "Recall" had sounded, for it was too rough a day for the men to turn out. Every one noticed how he came hurrying into the club afterward, with his studious face in a glow of excitement and interest, and wanted to know who the new girl was.

Somehow, a sort of chill of disagreeable surprise went around among the officers who were assembled at the club. One of the younger men told him dryly, and without enlightening him, that she was "Lois Fenimore." He leaned forward, with his

A SMALL FRIGHTENED VOICE SAID: "DON'T SHOOT! IT'S ONLY ME!"

ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN.

"I have not been hiding, Mr. Wallis"

arms on the table, in an attitude of the keenest anticipation, and repeated:

"Lois Fenimore? Who is she? I never heard of her before."

Then, as no one seemed inclined to speak, he continued:

"What's the matter with you *fellows*? Is it anything unusual to want to know who a beautiful girl is, who appears in the middle of the parade ground, and in the teeth of a gale? Why, I nearly knocked her down. And here you sit blinking like owls."

The whole club was dumb. They had never seen Wallis impetuous before.

"Why, Wallis," blurted out the Major, "the truth about Lois Fenimore is, simply, that the poor girl is only one or two removes from being *non compos mentis*."

"Oh! come now," spoke up little Barker, the Quartermaster, "she's not anything like that. She is not lacking in the least in mental qualities, but she is shy in manner, and she appears almost dull; but I am told that she is well educated, and you will all agree that her beauty is undeniable."

The glow of excitement had died out of Wallis' face long before the speaker had finished. In a few words, Lois' whole history, with her doubtful parentage, was told him, and a look of pity came into his eyes, while the others, for some reason, grew very quiet over it.

That night was a hop night. Of course, the garrison turned out in force. Captain Ross was there, and with him was Lois Fenimore. There was a faint smile on her face and a far-away look in her eyes. She did not dance. All the officers, as in duty bound, greeted her, and were polite after their several ways, but as a matter of course she was left a silent onlooker.

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Wallis had been watching her from the other side of the room. He noticed the quick lights and shades that played over her face. He noted the wistful look in her eyes as she watched the dancers, and he noted also the utter aloofness of her position. It was then that he asked to be presented to her. His first question could be determined by her reply:

"I don't dance, Mr. Wallis."

Wallis stayed at her side all that evening save when he did duty dances, and it was evident that he was under the spell of her beauty. Her face would light up with quick intelligence whenever he came near, and she would become absolutely radiant. He would bend his head to catch her shy words, and it soon became patent to everybody that it was all up with him.

As the weeks slipped by it seemed as though Lois were another person, so sure and self-poised did she become. It was then that the garrison woke up to the fact that some one must interfere. It was made clear to Wallis that Lois was very young, and that, unless he meant to marry her, his attentions were too marked; and he promptly replied, with a grim expression:

"And why shouldn't I mean to marry her? She has the quickest mind and the loveliest face I have ever seen."

"But, man alive!" came the quick objection, "she's obscure, even low-born; she could not socially be the equal of the wives of the other officers."

Wallis replied, with contemptuous lips:

"There are other regiments where the lines are not drawn so narrowly. I will exchange."

Then the Colonel was appealed to, and he talked to Wallis in a way that made an impression. He dwelt upon the fact that Lois was in a certain way the ward of the regiment; that she was very young. He begged him to do nothing rash, to wait and be sure of himself; and he drew a reluctant admission from Wallis that he had not yet spoken open words of love to Lois, that he had not said "the word from which he could not fly."

And at this critical juncture Fate seemed as if about to take a hand in the affair, for the astounding news came that the country had declared war, and that the regiment would go immediately to the front.

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So, during that hot spring day, the garrison waited for orders. Wallis was the officer of the day, and he went his rounds with a set, stern face. All the thrill of responding to his country's call was tempered by the thought that he must leave the woman he loved.

That night, when he was making his last inspection and the guard had turned out, the orders came rushing over the wires. Wallis hurried back to the Colonel's headquarters, drawing off his gloves and unbuckling his sabre as he went along. When he came within the door a group of eager men confronted him, and there was a momentary lull. The Colonel glanced at him with a worried, anxious look, and, after an instant of hesitation, said slowly:

"Lieutenant Wallis, the regiment moves at daybreak and will go South, partly by rail and partly by boat. A detail of ten men from each company is ordered to remain here to protect Government stores, keep order at the Agency, and look after the Indians. Captain Ross will take command of the post. The company's officers who will remain also are to be selected——"

There was a halt in the Colonel's speech, and a strained silence fell upon the room. Then he resumed:

"Selected from among those who joined last——"

Wallis sprang forward impetuously; his face flamed with excitement, but before he could exclaim or protest the Colonel spoke decisively:

"Those are the orders, Mr. Wallis; you must submit."

Wallis fell back at once to the open doorway, with his hand raised in salute, but with all the soldier instinct in him in hot revolt. A little later, when every officer had received detailed orders for the coming move, the Colonel found a moment to say to him:

"It is bitter for a soldier to stay behind when there is fighting to be done, but, Mr. Wallis, there are other battles to fight than those on the field."

And Wallis knew that the Colonel spoke with intended significance.

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Well, at daybreak the regiment marched away to the tune of "Garryowen," and the little handful who were left behind settled down to the dullest routine the post had ever known.

The first two or three days Wallis was so busy adjusting himself and his men to the new conditions of the garrison that he could only attend to his duties; but in the background of his thoughts was the realization that not once had he encountered Lois Fenimore during those few days.

Then finally, one glorious morning he saw her crossing the parade ground with Mrs. Ross' two little girls. He dashed after her, and stood with his cap in his hand looking down into her face, and what he saw there startled him. There was no answering smile on her lips, no soft light in her eyes, no drooping lids under his steady gaze. He said eagerly:

"I have not seen you, Miss Lois, since the regiment marched. Where have you been hiding?"

"I have not been hiding, Mr. Wallis."

She spoke with absolute indifference, and there was no spark of life in her voice. She made a move as though to pass on. Wallis turned at once and walked with her.

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After a moment or two of silence he asked abruptly, while a deep flush mounted to his cheek:

"Will you ride with me this afternoon as far as the hills?"

He kept his eyes fixed upon her downbent face. Her answer came decisively:

"No; I cannot."

"I am sorry," he replied; and he added quickly, "I will drop in this evening, then."

"Do; Mrs. Ross was asking for you."

Wallis' face darkened. He was being put off, and he knew it. Then he broke out impetuously:

"It has been a very bitter time to me, Miss Lois, not to go with the men and be in the fighting, if there is to be any. The only thing that makes the situation bearable is, that the woman I lo——"

He pulled up short, for both children were staring up into his face with big, startled eyes. They were drinking in every word.

He walked on in silence for a few minutes, then paused in the path, and putting out his hand to the girl with significant pressure, said earnestly:

"I will tell you all about her another time."

And his eyes told her plainly then and there all about the woman he loved; only, she would not look into them, but kept hers fixed coldly upon a sentry who was pacing up and down in the distance.

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That night he turned his steps toward Captain Ross' quarters. His quickly beating pulse suddenly fell to normal when he was told by Mrs. Ross that Lois wished to be excused. No apology was offered, and for the next few weeks the same thing continued. Never could he by chance or by open seeking get a moment alone with the girl. She was constantly hedged around either by Captain Ross or by Mrs. Ross, or by the Ross children, or, worse and more discouraging still, he began to perceive that she was hedged around by her own evident determination and will. Then, and then only, he desisted.

He sought by hard work to put from him the intolerable situation, but whether at target practice or drill, or when making up regimental reports, he was pursued by the mystery of the change in Lois Fenimore. Then suddenly news was brought in that the ghost dances had commenced on the reservations, that depredations had already been committed, and that trouble was brewing at the Agency.

Captain Ross thereupon sent out a scout to learn the full extent of the disaffection, and sound the temper of the tribes.

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So the hot spring days gave way to hot summer days, and great was the chagrin in the garrison when it learned that their regiment was being held in camp in the South, and that the great fight of the second of July had come off without them; and, in the midst of conjectures as to why their men had not been chosen to go to the front, came a hurried appeal to Captain Ross:

"Send as strong escort as you can possibly spare to guard Government supplies coming from the landing."

Heartily glad of the chance, Wallis turned out with twenty men, and marched them over the wild and ragged road that was only a trail which ran close to the river in places, and then debouched in others almost to the very foot of the Shawnee hills. His orders were discretionary. After escorting the supplies to the Agency he was to look into the alleged troubles there, and, if affairs were really threatening, he was to remain; if not, he would return at once to the garrison. The expedition would take, in any event, ten days or more.

Lois never knew that he had been ordered out until he was gone, and then the Ross children blurted out the news. She sat very still, and would not let herself grow pale so long as Captain and Mrs. Ross' eyes were upon her. She asked, with some assumption of indifference:

"How many men went with him?"

"Twenty," replied the Captain, calmly.

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"Isn't that a very small escort?" she asked, while the color finally left her cheek as she recalled the last rumors she had heard.

"No; it is a perfectly safe escort. There isn't an Indian anywheres around here that won't run the minute he sees one of our men."

Then, noticing Lois' white face, and the anxious look in his wife's eyes, he said, with sudden asperity:

"Now see here, Lois, don't you get up any scare among the women of the garrison on account of those red devils. Let 'em dance all they want to; they won't hurt anybody, either in or out of this post, while I have command."

And Captain Ross went striding away to his office, his sabre clanking at his heels with each step he took.

All during the days which followed Lois could settle down to nothing. She was restless and apprehensive, and on one of the warmest of July afternoons she determined to go for a ride, even if only within the confines of the fort. So, in her linen habit and straw hat, she made the rounds of the garrison, and, when she neared the sally-port, the sudden idea of going forth seized her, though she knew it was forbidden her to do so unless attended by a safe escort; but she nodded to the amazed sentry as she passed him, and rode out upon the open plain.

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Four or five hours later, just as nightfall was about to close down, Lois came galloping wildly back, her linen skirt flying out with a ghostly flutter in the twilight. She did not draw rein at the sally-port, and the startled sentry challenged her, only to lower his bayonet as he recognized the disheveled girl and foaming horse.

She dashed across the parade ground, making straight for home. And when she reached there she jumped down and made her way stumblingly into the house. Both Captain and Mrs. Ross were relieved at sight of her, but before either could ask a question she began excitedly:

"Captain Ross, you must order out the men; they're going to surprise Mr. Wallis and seize the supply train."

"Who says so? Where did you get such a rock-and-bull story?" asked the Captain, startled for a moment.

"At the Mission. Father Mallory just came in and told me."

"Where did he get his information?"

"From Scouting Bear."

"Oh!" exclaimed the Captain contemptuously, "then there's not a word of truth in it. Scouting Bear never yet brought in any information that could be relied upon; but you'd better tell me all you heard."

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And Lois, with her face unchangingly white, told him how she had ridden up the river to the Mission, and how Father Mallory had told her that Scouting Bear, the half-breed, had just brought in a report that a band of Poncas were off their reservation, and had been seen in full war-paint lurking in the vicinity of Eufaula ford, where they were lying in wait for Lieutenant Wallis, who was expected to cross the river at that point with Government supplies. There had been some delay in the supply train leaving the landing, and they would not reach Eufaula till that very night. The Poncas scarcely ever attacked till just at the edge of daybreak, and, therefore, Father Mallory thought Captain Ross could send a runner in time to reach Lieutenant Wallis with a warning.

But Captain Ross was perfectly sure that Father Mallory had been imposed on, because that very day one of his own scouts had brought in the report that Lieutenant Wallis, with the supply train, had already crossed the ford at Eufaula the day before. He had gone North, and, when last seen, was within easy march of the Agency, where he was expected to camp that night. So it was altogether impossible that he could be surprised. But the Captain asked:

"Did Father Mallory know how many were supposed to be in the band?"

"About forty, and he thought that some of the Creeks were out, too."

Captain Ross considered for a moment; then he said in his bluff, kindly, easy-going way:

"Go to bed, Lois, you're over-tired; you've got Indians on the brain, or else you have got that young man on the brain. Go to bed, child."

Lois stared at him mutely, and her face did not reflect the confident expression of his. There was a curious, resolute look in her eyes. When the Captain left the room he said once more, kindly:

"Go to bed, child."

But Lois did not go to bed; she did not even undress during that short summer night.

Nor had the supply train left the landing at the time it had been expected to. It was, in fact, two and a half days late, and, instead of being already at the Agency, it had only reached the ford at Eufaula.

All during the hot, tedious days of keeping the slow pace of the lumbering, heavily laden wagons Wallis had not seen nor heard of an Indian. The Army teamsters reported that the Agency had not thought that there would be any serious trouble. Some of the Creeks had grievances, but if the other reservations would only keep quiet they thought that it would blow over after a short time and cause no further trouble.

So, beyond the ordinary vigilance of the soldier on duty, Wallis did not concern himself over any imaginary outbreak, but gave himself up to pondering over the unmistakable check which he had received in his wooing. Whichever way he viewed the situation, some sly inner voice repeated to him that Lois loved him, and that her change toward him was due solely to the meddling tongues of the garrison.

They reached Eufaula ford, where they crossed the river just as night was falling. Here Wallis halted the train, and, after careful reconnaissance of the surroundings, selected a camping ground for the night.

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The big canvas-covered wagons were drawn up in the centre, the horses and mules were tethered around them, and outside of all were posted the sentries. No camp fire was lighted, no pipes were smoked; each man ate the rations he carried, and drank from his canteen in utter quiet. Those not on guard duty curled up as comfortably as possible under the wagons, though all slept upon their arms, and the night dropped down like a pall over river and plain.

Wallis made regular rounds of the camp, and slept fitfully between the changes of sentries. He had half-waking, half-sleeping dreams of Lois. In one of them she was there with him, out under the stars. From this most halcyon dream he was roused by a loud challenge from a sentry. He sprang to his feet with his revolver cocked, and, at the same instant, every other man in the little camp was leveling rifle or revolver at an unseen foe. Again the challenge rang out, and by this time Wallis was peering into the darkness with straining eyes, where just outside the guard-line a small white object began to take shape in the gloom. It moved uncertainly toward them and almost fell upon the extended bayonet.

"Speak, or I fire," cried out Wallis, as he raised his revolver.

The little figure wavered, then a small, frightened, exhausted voice said:

"Don't shoot; it's only me."

If an electric bolt had riven the earth at his feet Wallis could not have been more stunned. His head reeled, while sparks of fire danced before him. He could not even lower his revolver. He stood with staring, fixed eyes, but only for an instant; then he rushed forward with a half-strangled cry:

"Great Heavens! Lois,—you?"

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He drew a trembling, disheveled woman within the guard line, and also within the circle of his arm, lest she should fall to the ground. Following behind the girl came a spent and dripping horse, every panting breath of which could be heard all over the little camp. The men drew wonderingly around.

"In Heaven's name, how did you come here?" exclaimed Wallis in deep agitation.

"Hush! They're close by," said she shudderingly, putting out a hand and grasping his arm as if for protection.

"Who are close by? Where?" asked he, holding her near to him.

"The Poncas are sneaking down on this side of the river. I was on the other side, and dared not cross the river here for fear they'd hear me. I rode farther down and forded, then slipped back on this side. They mean to attack you, and there are ever so many of them."

"And you rode all the way, forty miles, alone!"

Wallis for an instant was almost overcome by the possibilities thus presented. The girl spoke again, in evident fear:

"Can you resist an attack?" and her fingers pressed upon his arm in anxiety.

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Wallis answered with a ring in his voice, and a mighty thrill in his heart:

"We are a match for three times their number. There'll be a scrimmage, and it may be the only one the regiment will have during the war. We'll have the honors," and he laughed.

"Don't laugh," said she nervously; "there's no time to lose."

But Wallis was only laughing for sheer joy. He put a few rapid questions as to distance and numbers of the band; for he well knew that the usual mode of attack of the Poncas was to surprise at daybreak and shoot from behind bushes or from the deep grass, then escape afterward on their ponies, hidden in the alder bushes. He spoke to his men:

"Huddle the horses and mules in a close bunch, just in front of the wagons. Close in in a semi-circle!"

This was obeyed in almost less than a minute by teamsters, as well as by soldiers, while each examined his rifle and cartridge belt. Wallis put his revolver into Lois' hand, and, closing her nerveless fingers around it, said cheerfully:

"You must slip back, in behind the men and horses, and if there should be any firing, drop down out of range. If any danger should threaten you, use this."

Lois grasped the heavy revolver and said:

"I'm going to stay right here with you on the firing-line."

"No," said Wallis, taking her by the hand, "you're the bravest soldier in the regiment, and the bravest is always the quickest to obey." And he led her back to one of the big wagons.

Then he groped round near the mess-kit for a rifle, and, after carefully examining it, stood listening intently, but nothing could be heard but the wash of the river. Suddenly there was a movement among the mules. They twitched their long ears, and began to back round among the wagons. This sign of uneasiness among them drew a long breath of certainty from the waiting camp.

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Wallis leveled his powerful field glass and swept the surrounding country. Already the harbinger of day was in the east, and a faint shaft of light vibrated in the upper air, but the plain below was still shrouded in deep gloom. Gradually the trembling light pierced a lower and still lower stratum, until it touched the plain. The long gray-green grass undulated softly as if stirred by an early morning breeze, though no breath of air was wafted over the camp.

Wallis held the glass with tense hands and watched this mysterious grass. He saw the undulations creep nearer and nearer. He knew beyond a doubt that, crawling on hands and knees, was a murderous band of assassins, decked with paint and feathers, armed with rifle and tomahawk, while to the eye nothing was to be seen but a gracious world, reaching up to greet a still more gracious dawn.

When the glass showed that the movement of the grass had crept to within several hundred yards, he said in a low tone:

"They're creeping up in the grass. Keep cool and steady, men, when I give the range."

Already the rosy flush of day made all things new, and Wallis saw without the glass where the writhing forms were stealing on and on. He grasped his rifle tightly, and said briefly:

"Three hundred yards, men."

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Every rifle was adjusted, and every man dropped down in position on the instant. Wallis raised his rifle, and the next order trembled on his lips, just as Lois, like a whirlwind, rushed to his side, grasped his arm, and, pointing upward to the sky, said frantically:

"Shoot! Shoot!"

Wallis shook himself free from her detaining grasp and let his eyes sweep up for an instant to where she pointed. He could descry a speck moving slowly over the gray-green plain. It was a solitary pelican, which had risen from the bank of the river and was floating on outstretched wings high above the heads of the stealthy foe beneath.

As in a flash, he comprehended the girl's meaning. He watched the soaring bird, and, when it came within range of a hundred and fifty yards, he flung up his rifle and fired. The bird whirled over and over, and came dropping down into the midst of the waving grass below.

Instantly a yell of astonished rage rang out on the morning air. Every concealed savage sprang to his feet, giving vent to fiendish cries, and ran to cover among the alder bushes along the river. There was not one of them but knew the meaning of this marksmanship.

As they ran they fired back a perfect hail of shot, and this proved too great an aggravation to Wallis' men, who, without waiting for an order, made a mad rush forward, sending a deadly volley at long range. Half a dozen braves were seen to drop.

"There, men, that'll do. The scrap is over," cried Wallis, calling in his men.

The whole thing had lasted only about fifteen minutes, and the men were keenly disappointed that there had been no fight. They came straggling back, bringing the dead pelican with them, and each man cast a shy, admiring glance at the girl who had ridden alone through the night to give warning, but they wished that she had not prevented a scrimmage with the Indians.

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Lois was still standing with the big revolver clasped in her hand. Her linen riding skirt was limp, and hung down in a long rent on one side. Her straw hat was gone, and now that everything was all over, she was never so near breaking down in her life. The full rays of morning shone down on her, and she wished for a place to hide away. What was she to do now? How was she to get back to the garrison? She was bare-headed and ragged. And how could she appear before Lieutenant Wallis and his men in such a plight? She put up her hand to brush away a furtive tear.

And Wallis thought as he approached her that he had never seen so womanly and beautiful a figure. All sorts of extravagant notions rushed into his brain as to the homage due her from him and his men. Not that they had been in any particular danger, but there would have been a fight, and some one would have been killed. If every man of them were to kneel before her out on that open plain, it would not seem an adequate tribute to her bravery. He went to her side without a word; indeed, if he should speak he knew what words would be uttered. So he stooped in silence to unclasp the revolver from her hand. She spoke timidly, with her eyes on her torn habit:

"Will they come back?"

"No, not now. They'll skulk along on our trail to-day, but——"

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He did not finish. He was thrilled with the realization that all during the coming march she would be with him; that when they camped again she would still be there, to be guarded and protected. His face reflected his joy within, and Lois suddenly divined that he would not be able to divide his force and send an escort back to the garrison with her. She said, in an affrighted voice:

"How am I to get home again?"

There was a moment's silence while Wallis gazed into her face. Nothing was heard but the busy camp behind them, astir, getting breakfast.

He came a step nearer to her, and dropping his hand over hers, said gravely:

"There will be no way for you to go home until I can take you. There is no escort on earth that I would trust you with save mine, for you are the most precious thing to me that the world holds. We shall be nearly two days reaching the Agency, and when we leave there you will go back to the garrison, —my wife."

Lois' face had flamed with sudden color, then had paled to the hue of her linen skirt. She made a brave effort to speak; but he would not brook an interruption, and went on rapidly and insistently:

"There shall be no more meddling with my love for you. As soon as we reach the Agency I will ride straight to Muskogee and bring back a chaplain or minister, or a magistrate, even, and nothing shall come between us save your own distinct refusal spoken here out on this open plain, now."

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He waited a moment with white, determined face, but no word of any sort came from Lois. She looked at him mutely, unflinchingly, and there was no hint of refusal, either in her eyes or upon her lips.

A swift tide rose from Wallis' heart and swept over him with almost overwhelming force, as he read the face before him. He made a quick move toward her, with arms outstretched; then he remembered himself, and with all his soul he wished that his Army teams, mules, horses, men and all could be swept off the plain for a Heavenly moment so that he might stand with Lois alone in the midst of this glorified morning.

"—and when we leave there you will go back to the garrison,—my wife"

WHEN JIMSEY'S MASCOT FAILED

A Story of Newsboy Friendship

By MARIE MOORE MARSH

JIMSEY and Tom were newsboys. Jimsey had no "folks," but Tom had one relative, an aunt, whose frequent sprees kept her a great deal in the Bridewell.

They used to call their papers under my windows every day, but the first time I ever noticed them particularly was one night when a friend and I were returning from the theatre. Jimsey and Tom sat in front of us on the street-car. They had been to the play; gallery gods, indeed, but those little ragged, bare-footed fellows had their ideas of the merit of the performers.

"Dat lady wid de red dress wus a bird, Jimsey?"

"Yes, but dem cops wus no good; dey put on too many lugs. Dem kids wus loo-loos, too. How many wus dere, pardner?"

"I dunno. I'm sleepy, Jimsey."

"Well, lay yer head here, pardner," and Jimsey put his arm about the little fellow and drew his head down on his shoulder, and soon both were fast asleep.

The good-natured conductor evidently knew them, for he touched Jimsey's shoulder when it was time for them to get off, and they stubbed along, half awake, till we lost sight of them in the darkness.

One day Jimsey looked very happy, and as I stopped to buy a paper Tom nudged him, saying: "Show it to de lady, Jimsey." Jimsey thrust his dirty little hand down into his neck and drew out inch by inch, with sundry jerks, a long cord to which was attached a pebble with a hole through one end.

"Ah! A lucky stone," said I.

"Yes, lady, it's me mascot. I had bad luck last week. I felled into a puddle and spoiled me papers, and den a bloke shoved a tree-cent piece on me fur a dime and I tot me name was Mud, but I found dis down by de tracks, and now we'se both of us doing all right; ain't we, pardner?"

Tom beamed full assent.

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Once after this I asked the "pardners" if Jimsey's mascot was bringing them luck.

"Yes, lady," said Tom; "we walks on de shady side of de street now,—don't we, Jimsey?"

"Yes, we lives on Easy Street."

A hot afternoon in August, as I sat sewing at my window, I saw Tom run up my doorsteps. Such a white, awe-struck little face I saw when I opened the door. "Me pardner is hurted, lady. He felled under de car wheels, and dey took him to de hospital."

"Which hospital?" asked I, as I snatched up my hat and followed him.

"Cook County, ma'am." Not another word was spoken, but he held my hand so tightly that the rings cut deep into the flesh.

I found when we reached the hospital that Jimsey had been terribly crushed,—the amputation of one leg was necessary, and there was little hope of his living through it. His face brightened when he saw us. "I'm all right, pardner. I'll pull troo, never you mind. I've got dis, see?" and he held up his lucky stone.

"Jimsey, lad," said I, in a shaky voice, "I fear your mascot didn't help you this time."

"Oh, yes, lady; if I hadn't had dat it might 'av' been bote legs 'stead of one. I'll get on somehow. Me pardner will see me troo, won't yer, pardner?"

"I will dat, Jimsey," answered Tom winking hard to hide his tears.

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The attendant told me that everything would be done for the little sufferer, but that we must leave him, and might come for a few moments the next day.

Tom threw both arms about him and sobbed a minute, then nerving himself bravely he said "Good-by" almost calmly. When I bent over to kiss him Jimsey whispered: "Try and brace me pardner, lady; he's grieving awful over dis." I promised him to do my best for Tom, and then he closed his eyes and smiled as if satisfied.

I returned to the hospital the next day. Tom was there before me, but we were both too late. "The operation was successful, but the patient did not survive the shock," was the report entered upon the hospital's books, after Jimsey's name.

I found Tom kneeling by Jimsey's cot, his little body quivering with silent sobs. "Oh, if I could go wid yer, Jimsey!" he hoarsely whispered.

I had the body removed to an undertaker's and given a decent burial. Jimsey's partner and I were the only mourners. As we rode behind the hearse to the cemetery Tom told me that he had slipped Jimsey's mascot about his neck as he lay dressed and in his coffin.

"Oh, Tom! how could you do it?" cried I, thinking of the child's faith in his mascot, and the miserable end of the short life.

"Well, he tot it bringed him luck, and I tot mebby he'd rest better wid it. Did I do wrong, lady?"

"No, dear, do not fear," said I, putting both my arms about him, "you did just right."—Chicago Times-Herald.

The PROFESSOR'S DAUGHTER

By Anna Farquhar

Pictures by Henry Hutt

SIXTEENTH CHAPTER

IT WAS in March when Professor Fremont died. Louise had begun some time before to feel their presence a great tax upon Mrs. Strangemore's sympathies and hospitality, but there was no alternative; her father had grown too weak to be moved. Mrs. Strangemore proved her friendship further by accompanying Louise and Mr. Everett back to the North, where the Professor was buried in the college town beside his Mary. Mr. Everett informed Doctor Layton by wire of their movements, and the day after the funeral Louise received these lines from him:

> "Surely you will forgive me for breaking the silence by telling you how deeply I grieve with you and for you. My place is by your side now, but you will not permit me to take it. Under any other circumstances I should have shown my high esteem and respect for Professor Fremont by attending the services at the end, but I could not believe you wished to have me there because you knew one word from you would have called me to your side, so I did not go West.
>
> "You can at least accept my sympathy in your bereavement. Be careful of yourself.
>
> "Good-by, again, until I am ready.
>
> "EVERETT LAYTON."

These words broke through the haze which seemed to cover Louise's brain from the moment they first told her that her father was dead. She felt the same film over her powers of thought that was obscuring her vision. She could not realize it. She sat passively looking out of the car window during that long trip North with the remains.

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She could answer questions, but her creative powers were in abeyance. She could not talk, and it is hardly probable that she felt much until the human tone of her lover's reproach pierced that condition of physical apathy. Alone in her room, she read the words and began to cry because she had neglected to send him permission to join them. Mr. Everett had expressed surprise that his nephew did not go West after receiving his telegram, but instead wired back a message of condolence, which to Uncle Billy seemed a hard-hearted proceeding not in the least like Everett; then he recollected the unusual relations between his nephew and "Tom's girl" and straightway forgave him.

From giving expression to a more trivial regret, Louise lapsed into utterance of her deep grief for herself. Mourners deceive themselves into believing that they grieve for the departed, when their sorrow is naturally bestowed upon themselves and their own loss. All grief is selfish, except in the few cases where it is sympathetic. Her own loneliness overcame Louise. She cried for hours, spending an entire day alone with her realization, but after that she shed no more tears. Deep natures hold their emotions down in the crater of their being, until one day comes an eruption devastating and fiery, after which they resume their accustomed surface repose.

Louise looked about her, as a lost child would, for protection. She had never before realized that need in every woman's nature. Mrs. Strangemore assumed the attitude of a protector, when she invited the lonely girl to go home with her to Chicago, after explaining the work she carried on there in memory of her husband of an hour.

He had verbally willed a large amount of money to be used in any charitable purpose she considered most worthy. She had always held that women do each other more harm than good, and so when she began to look for an object in life after her own heavy grief fell upon her, she returned to Chicago, her birthplace, where, in hopes of helping at least a few women, she founded a home for those of her own sex who, having served their terms in prison or reformatory, could have a chance at honest labor before they went from bad to worse, owing to the proverbial lack of Christian charity shown toward the jail-bird.

Mrs. Strangemore's enthusiasm was contagious, and Louise clung to her for very fear of her own weak inclination to turn at once to the love whose consequences she feared. She must not show herself less strong than the man she loved. Then, too, Mrs. Strangemore's invitation opened up a new field of experience; it intimated a new reading of the book of life hitherto opened for Louise's perusal at only a few pages. The girl longed greedily for a closer sympathy with Doctor Layton's motives. Her intense desire was to understand his point of view, even if she did not approve it. She hardly knew what to do with the tumult of conflicting emotions within her heart and brain. The gladness of love contended with her grief, her temptations to seek Layton's protection at whatever cost, and the growing, endless consciousness of the blindness that was coming upon her.

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During the night, in which she lay awake thinking, she decided to go with Mrs. Strangemore in hopes of forgetting, even if she gained no insight through the medium of the new experience. She could not deny that she was afraid of herself, and with this consciousness she realized in a flash what temptation is to others of more yielding, emotional dispositions. Uncle Billy's strong remonstrances were part of the temptation. It would have been so much easier to have gone home with him as he desired and married Doctor Layton at once. Then, too, Uncle Billy evinced his injured feelings at her preference, urging his own lonely life and his desire for her presence in his house as a special inducement. But when Louise's lips once narrowed over her set teeth, persuasion was useless, as Uncle Billy discovered. And so she went to Chicago, after writing to Doctor Layton:

> "Can you forgive my negligence in not intimating a desire to have you here during my great trial? I was selfish,—I forgot,—I thought you would come, forgetting how you might feel about it. I am going into a life which I hope will teach me the charity which you say I need. While you live for me I shall try to make myself worthy of your struggle by learning what it all means.
>
> "I think I see plainer already. Mrs. Strangemore knows, and she is a wise teacher. I begin to see now that my self-righteousness is unrighteousness, although my standard of living has not changed. Mrs. Strangemore will take care of me as nobody but you could. I know you are conquering, and I know you will be glad some day. I am so lonely without father. I want to go to you now, but I cannot,—I should regret afterward if I did. When next December comes I hope to be ready, too,—unless I am blind and useless.
>
> "Always yours, LOUISE."

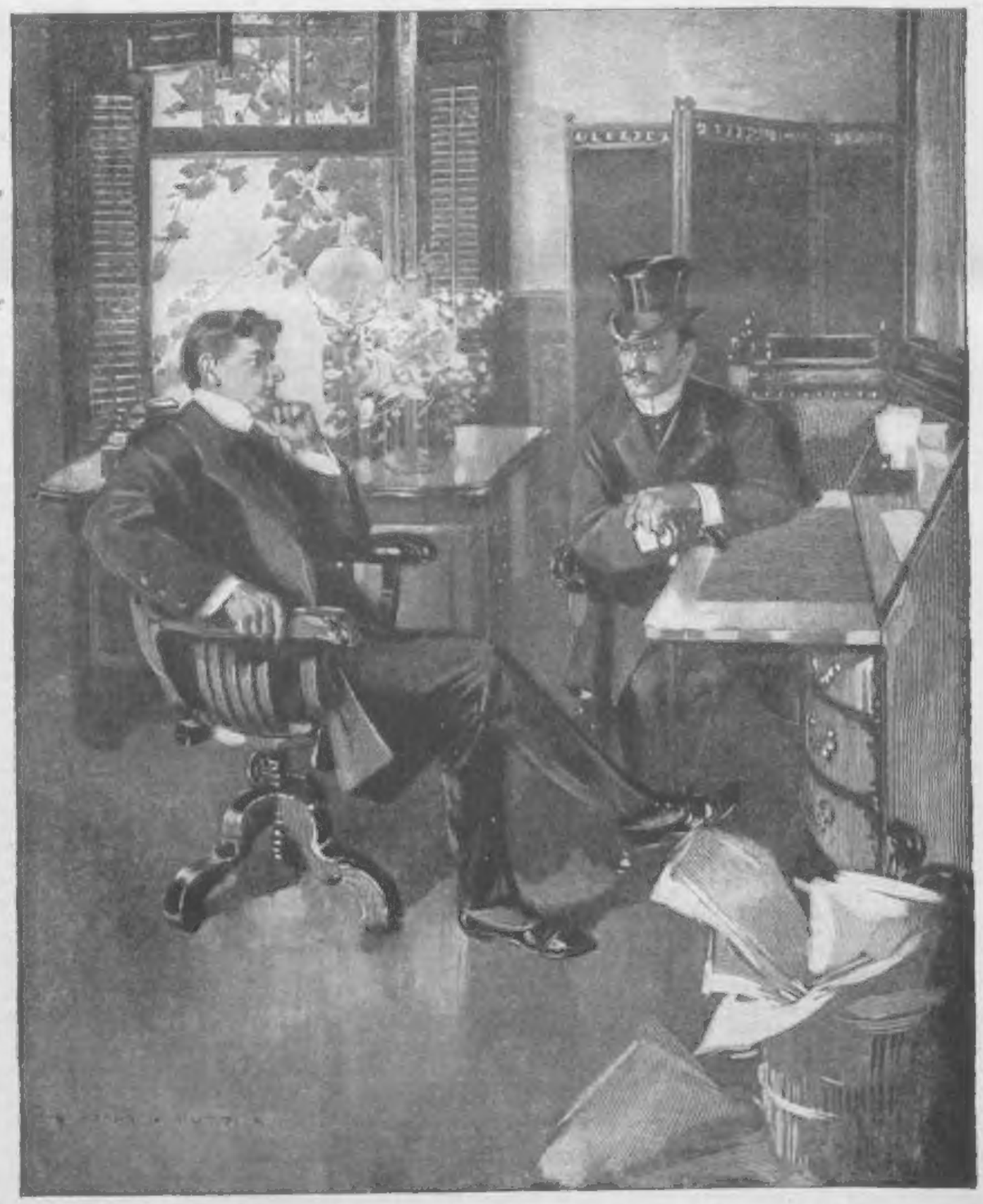
When Mr. Everett entered a violent protest against Louise's decision to Doctor Layton, the latter replied that he did not consider her plan the worst one she could have made by any means.

"Well, all I can say is, that I do not understand the young people of this day and generation," Mr. Everett replied, looking very fierce.

"If I were you I'd go out there and carry her off by main force. She'll be crankier than ever when she gets through this course in philanthropy. Why don't you go out and see her, Everett? If you'd just be firm enough she'd come back with you, I'll wager you anything."

"No, uncle, you don't know her; besides, we have made an agreement by which I am in honor bound not to see her now. I shall never annoy her in any way."

"Stuff and nonsense! I'd annoy her until she married me on the spot. I beg your pardon, Everett, but nineteenth-century love reminds me that the earth is cooling off. I'm heartily sick of such lukewarm love. The idea of that half-blind girl roaming around Chicago without a male protector! I



"Stuff and nonsense! I'd annoy her until she married me on the spot"

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story was begun in the issue of the POST for November 12, 1898.

don't feel as though I were half doing my duty by Tom in permitting her to live in that way. He wouldn't like it."

"She generally had her own way during his lifetime, Uncle Billy, and no doubt were he living he would not oppose her in this; but if he were living she never would have turned to it. Did you ever notice that when good women are left alone in the world they always feel a call to reform something or somebody, even if it is only a poll parrot or a cat? Louise inherits the New England love of reform, but she is not by nature a reformer of multitudes, because she has small sympathy with human nature; so the experience will do her no harm, and it may open her heart to broader interests."

"I suppose you are counting on her exhausting the call she feels for reform on female reprobates, so that when she marries you she will have had enough and you will go scot free. I have heard there were more ways than one of winning a woman."

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"She seems to be treating me on an equality with female reprobates at present. I count on nothing. I do not pretend to understand women in the least,—every new woman shows me a new side of the sex,—but I am a firm believer in the power of love, and in the superlative purity of this woman I love, so that whatever she does is right. Uncle, I'm certain of that, and if she loves me, as I have reason to believe she does, she will be my wife some day."

"Well, Everett, if you can have that much faith after your first experience in married life you can do more than I can after mine,—that's certain. I feel as if I could never believe in a woman again,—enough to marry one. The sex is too unstable for me, Everett."

"I try to forgive the sex as I ask them to forgive me, uncle, that is all, and you would do the same had you ever loved another woman."

"I never have loved another one, Everett, because my wife's memory fascinates me still. I loved her even when I despised her, Everett. I suppose I was her slave while she lived, and am a slave to her memory now in my old age when she is dead. We've never talked about these things before, boy, and I hardly think we ever will again, but this I know,—your life is more empty than mine, because I treasure some hours of Heaven which you do not in the memory of your wedded life. You did not give all of yourself before,—the greatest joy in loving is in giving yourself entirely,—completely,—to the one you love,—and I did."

"That is true, Uncle Billy. I did not love right before,—so did not give all of myself. This time I do,—the best, the truest part of myself,—for all eternity."

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"Then you'll have some happiness even though you lose her. When a man gives all of himself, even for one day, he never forgets, nor can he ever be entirely lonely. The only time I ever spoke of this to any one before was once to Tom, who always understood me. He had been telling me of his happy married life, and the contrast to my own made me speak bitterly. I remember I said I had no comforting memories, but that is not strictly true, for when I sit before my fire alone of a winter's night, with only Monarch snoozing at my feet, I drop my book, my eyes shut, and she comes back with her exquisitely beautiful face pressed against my cheek, calling in that teasing way she had, 'Billy, Billy Everett! Do you really love me? I don't believe it! No man ever spoke the truth!' Everett, my wife was charming,—in that bright, coquettish way that charms a man. Oh,—would God she had been something better, too!" He walked over to the window, turning his back on the room, but Everett saw him brush away a tear with the back of his hand. His nephew understood his grief, but could find no words to express his sympathy, but in a man's way he laid one hand on his uncle's shoulder for a few moments and neither spoke; then Mr. Everett said: "Tom's death has completely unmanned me. You are all I have, my boy, you and Louise,—and if you were to marry I should take great comfort in the union."

"I think we will marry one day, Uncle Billy,—within the year, I hope. Then will you come and live with us?"

"Thank you, Everett. No; not that. Young people are best off alone. The old house and the old memories will last me my lifetime. But I'll go to see you often."

This conversation took place in Doctor Layton's office. Mr. Everett, in order to set his mind at ease on certain subjects, had stopped over night with his nephew on his way home from the West.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The MARKET-PLACE

By HAROLD FREDERIC

With *Pictures* by HARRISON FISHER

Chapter IX

GENERAL KERVICK was by habit a punctual man, and Thorpe found him hovering, carefully gloved and fur-coated, in the neighborhood of the luncheon-room when he arrived. It, indeed, still lacked a few minutes of the appointed hour when they thus met and went in together. They were fortunate enough to find a small table out on the balcony sufficiently removed from any other to give privacy to their conversation.

By tacit agreement the General ordered the luncheon, speaking French to the waiter throughout. Divested of his imposing great-coat, he was seen to be a gentleman of meagre flesh, as well as of small stature. He had the Roman nose, narrow forehead, bushing brows, and sharply cut mouth and chin of a soldier grown old in the contemplation of the portraits of the Duke of Wellington.

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His face and neck were of a dull, reddish tint, which seemed at first sight uniformly distributed; one saw afterward that it approached pallor at the veined temples, and ripened into purple in minute patches on the cheeks and the tip of the pointed nose. Against this flushed skin the closely cropped hair and small, neatly waxed mustache were very white, indeed. It was a thin, lined, care-worn face withal, which, in repose, and particularly in profile, produced an effect of dignified and philosophical melancholy. The General's over-prominent, light blue eyes upon occasion marred this effect, however, by glances of a bold, harsh character, which seemed to disclose unpleasant depths below the correct surface. His manner with the waiters was abrupt and sharp, but undoubtedly they served him very well,—much better, in truth, than Thorpe had ever seen them serve anybody before.

Thorpe observed his guest a good deal during the repast, and formed numerous conclusions about him. He ate with palpable relish of every dish, and he emptied his glass as promptly as his host could fill it. There was hardly a word of explanation as to the purpose of their meeting until the coffee was brought, and they pushed back their chairs, crossed their legs and lighted cigars.

"I was lucky to catch you with my wire, at such short notice," Thorpe said then. "I sent two, you know,—to your chambers and your club. Which of them found you?"

"Chambers," said the General. "I rarely dress till luncheon time. I read in bed. There's really nothing else to do. Idleness is the curse of my life."

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"I've been wondering if you'd like a little occupation,—of a well-paid sort," said Thorpe slowly. He realized that it was high time to invent some pretext for his hurried summons of the General.

"My dear sir," responded the other, "I should like anything that had money in it. And I should like occupation, too,—if it were something that was suitable to me."

"Most men want to marry her," was the father's non-committal response

"Yes," said Thorpe, meditatively. "I've something in my mind,—not at all definite yet,—in fact, I don't think I can even outline it to you yet. But I'm sure it will suit you,—that is, if I decide to go on with it; and there ought to be seven or eight hundred a year for you in it,—for life, mind you."

The General's gaze, fastened strenuously upon Thorpe, shook a little. "That will suit me very well," he declared, with feeling. "Whatever I can do for it——"

"I thought so," commented the other, trifling with the spoon in his cup. "But I want you to be open with me. I'm interested in you, and I want to be of use to you. All that I've said I can do for you. But first, I'm curious to know everything that you can tell me about your circumstances. I'm right in assuming, I suppose, that you're,—that you're not any too well fixed?"

The General helped himself to another little glass of cognac. His mood seemed to absorb the spirit of the liquor. "Fixed!" he repeated, with a peevish snap in his tone. "I'm not 'fixed' at all, as you call it. Egad, sir! They no more care what becomes of me than they do about their old gloves. I gave them name and breeding and position,—and everything, I might say, and they round on me like—like cuckoos."

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His pale, bulging eyes lifted their passionless veil for an instant as he spoke, and flashed with the predatory fierceness of a hawk.

Intuition helped Thorpe to guess whom "they" might mean. The temper visibly rising in the old man's mind was what he had hoped for. He proceeded with an informed caution. "Don't be annoyed if I touch upon family matters," he said. "It's a part of what I must know in order to help you. I can't help you without knowing. I believe you're a widower, aren't you, General?"

The other, after a quick, upward glance, shook his head resentfully. "Mrs. Kervick lives in Italy with her son-in-law,—and her daughter. He is a man of property, and also, apparently, a man of remarkable credulity and patience." He paused, to scan his companion's face. "They divide him between them," he said then, from clenched teeth,—"and I,—mind you,—I made the match! He was a young fellow that I found,—and I brought him home and introduced him,—and I haven't so much as an Italian postage-stamp to show for it. But what interest can you possibly take in all this?" The unamiable glance of his eyes was on the instant surcharged with suspicion.

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"How many daughters have you?" Thorpe ventured the inquiry with inward doubts as to its sagacity.

"Three," answered the General briefly. It was evident that he was also busy thinking.

"I ask because I met one of them in the country over Sunday," Thorpe explained.

The old soldier's eyes asked many questions in the moment of silence. "Which one,—Edith?—that is, Lady Cressage?"

Thorpe nodded. "She made a tremendous impression upon me," he observed, watching the father with intentness.

"Well she might," the other replied simply. "She's supposed to be the most beautiful woman in England."

"Well,—I guess she is," Thorpe assented, while the two men eyed each other.

"Is the third sister unmarried?" it occurred to him to ask. The tone of the question revealed its perfunctory character.

"Oh, Beatrice? She's of no importance," the father replied. "She goes in for writing,

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and all that; she's not a beauty, you know; she lives with an old lady in Scotland. The oldest daughter,—Blanche,—she has some good looks of her own, but she's a cat. And so you met Edith! May I ask where it was you met her?"

"At Hadlow House,—Lord Plowden's place, you know."

The General's surprise at the announcement was undoubted. "At Plowden's!" he repeated, and added, as if half to himself, "I thought that was all over with, long ago."

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"I wish you'd tell me about it," said Thorpe daringly. "I've made it plain to you, haven't I? I'm going to look out for you. And I want you to post me up, here, on some of the things that I don't understand. You remember that it was Plowden who introduced you to me, don't you? It was through him that you got on the Board. Well, certain things that I've seen lead me to suppose that he did that in order to please your daughter. Did you understand it that way?"

"It's quite likely, in one sense," returned the General. He spoke with much deliberation now, weighing all his words. "He may have thought it would please her; he may not have known how little my poor affairs really concern her."

"Well, then," pursued Thorpe, argumentatively, "he had an object in pleasing her. Let me ask you the question: Did he want to marry her?"

"Most men want to marry her," was the father's noncommittal response. His mustache lifted itself in the semblance of a smile, but the blue eyes above remained coldly vigilant.

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"Well, I guess that's so, too," Thorpe remarked. He made a fleeting mental note that there was something about the General which impelled him to think and talk more like an American than ever. "But was Lord Plowden specially affected that way?"

"I think," said Kervick judicially, "I think it was understood that if he had been free to marry a penniless wife he would have wished to marry her."

"Do you know," Thorpe began again, with a kind of diffident hesitation, "do you happen to have formed an idea,—supposing that had been the case,—would she have accepted him?"

"Ah, there you have me," replied the other. "Who can tell what women will accept, and what they will refuse? My daughter refused Lord Lingfield, and he is an Under Secretary, and will be Earl Cobham, and a Cabinet Minister, and a rich man,—a very rich man some day. After that, what are you to say?"

"You speak of her as penniless," Thorpe remarked, with a casual air.

"Six hundred a year," the father answered. "We could have rubbed along after a fashion on it, if she had had any notions of taking my advice. I'm a man of the world, and I could have managed her affairs for her to her advantage, but she insisted upon going off by herself. She showed not the slightest consideration for me; but then, I am accustomed to that."

Thorpe smiled reflectively, and the old gentleman read in this an encouragement to expand his little grievances.

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"In my position," he continued, helping himself to still another tiny glass, "I naturally say very little. It is not my form to make complaints and advertise my misfortunes. I dare say it's a fault. I know it kept me back in India, while ever so many whipper-snappers were promoted over my head, because I was of the proud and silent sort. It was a mistake, but it was my nature. I might have put by a comfortable provision for my old age, in those days, if I had been willing to push my claims, and worry the staff into giving me what was my due. But that I declined to do, and when I was retired there was nothing for me but the ration of bread and salt which they serve out to the old soldier who has been too modest. I served my Queen, sir, for forty years, and I should be ashamed to tell you the allowance she makes me in my old age. But I do not complain. My mouth is closed. I am an English gentleman and one of Her Majesty's soldiers. That's enough said, eh? Do you follow me? And about my family affairs, I'm not likely to talk to the first comer, eh? But to you I say it frankly, they've behaved badly, sir, badly,—to say the least.

"Mrs. Kervick lives in Italy, at the cost of her son-in-law. He has large estates in one of the healthiest and most beautiful parts; he has a palace, and more money than he knows what to do with; but it seems that he's not my son-in-law. I could do with Italy very well, but that doesn't enter into any one's calculations. No! let the worn-out old soldier sell boot-laces on the curb! That's the spirit of womankind. And my daughter Edith,—does she care what becomes of me? Not a single bit, sir! Listen to me. I secured for her the very greatest marriage in England. She would have been Duchess of Glastonbury to-day if her husband had not played the fool and drowned himself."

Walking heavily, with rounded shoulders, he chose a path at random

"What's that you say?" put in Thorpe swiftly. "Drowned himself?"

"It was as good as suicide," insisted the General, with doggedness. His face had become a deeper red. "They didn't hit it off together, and he left in a huff, and went yachting with his father, who was his own sailing-master, and, as might be expected, they were both drowned. The title would have gone to her son; but no, of course, she had no son, and so it passed to a stranger,—an outsider that had been an usher in a school, or something of that sort. You can fancy what a blow this was to me. Instead of being the grandfather of a Duke I have a childless widow thrust back upon my hands! Fine luck, eh? And then, to cap all, she takes her six hundred a year and goes off by herself, and gives me the cold shoulder completely. What is it Shakespeare says?

"'How sharper than a serpent's teeth——'"

Thorpe brought his fist down upon the table with an emphasis which abruptly broke the quotation in half. He had been frowning moodily at his guest for some minutes, relighting his cigar more than once meanwhile. He had made a mental calculation of what the old man had had to drink, and had reassured himself as to his condition. His garrulity might have an alcoholic basis, but his wits were clear enough. It was time to take a new line with him.

"I don't want to hear you abuse your daughter," he admonished him now, with a purpose glowing steadily in his firm glance. "Why shouldn't she go off by herself, and take care of her own money her own way? It's little enough for such a lady as she is. Why should you expect her to support you out of it? No; sit still a while! Listen to me!"

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He stretched out his hand, and laid it with restraining heaviness upon the General's arm.

"You don't want to have any row with me. You can't afford it. Just think that over to yourself; you—can't—afford—it."

Major-General Kervick's prominent blue eyes had bulged forth in rage till their appearance had disconcerted the other's gaze. They remained still too much in the foreground, as it were, and the angry scarlets and violets of the cheeks beneath them carried an unabated threat of apoplexy; but their owner, after a moment's silence, made a sign with his stiff white brows that the crisis was over,—that he was feeling better.

"You must remember that,—that I have a father's feelings," he gasped then, huskily.

Thorpe nodded with a nonchalance which was not wholly affected. He had learned what he wanted to know about this veteran. If he had the fierce meannesses of a famished old dog, he had also a dog's awe of a stick. It was almost too easy to terrorize him.

"Oh, I make allowances for all that," Thorpe began vaguely. "But it's important that you should understand me. I'm this sort of a man: whatever I set out to do, and put my strength into it, that I do! I kill every pheasant I fire at; Plowden will tell you that! It's a way I have. To those that help me, and are loyal to me, I'm the best friend in the world. To those that get in my way, or try to trip me up, I'm the devil,—just plain devil.

"Now, then; you're getting three hundred a year from my company,—that is to say, from me,—simply to oblige my friend Plowden. You don't do anything to earn this money; you're of no earthly use on the Board. If I chose I could put you off at the end of the year as easily as I can blow out this match. But I propose not only to keep you on, but to make you independent. Why do I do that? You should ask yourself that question. It can't be on account of anything you can do for the company. What else, then? Why, first and foremost, because you are the father of your daughter."

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"Let me tell you the kind of man I am," said the General, inflating his chest, and speaking with solemnity.

"Oh, I know you," Thorpe interrupted him, coolly. "I want to talk now."

"After all," he said to himself, "there are always ways of making a cad feel that he is a cad in the presence of a gentleman"

"It was merely," Kervick ventured in an injured tone, "that I can be as loyal as any man alive to a true friend."

"Well, I'll be the true friend, then," said Thorpe, with impatient finality. "And now this is what I want to say. I'm going to be a very rich man. You're not to say so to anybody, mind you, until the thing speaks for itself. We're keeping dark for a few months, d'ye see?—lying low. Then, as I say, I shall be a very rich man. Well, now, I wouldn't give a hang to be rich unless I did with my money the things that I wanted to do, and got the things with it that I wanted to get. Whatever takes my fancy, that's what I'll do."

He paused for a moment, mentally to scrutinize a brand-new project which seemed, by some surreptitious agency, to have already taken his fancy. It was a curious project; there were attractive things about it, and objections to it suggested themselves as well.

"I may decide," he began speaking again, still revolving this hypothetical scheme in his thoughts, "I may want to,—well, here's what occurs to me as an off chance. I take an interest in your daughter, d'ye see? and it seems a low-down sort of thing to me that she should be so poor. Well, then, I might say to you, here's two thousand a year, say, made over to you in your name, on the understanding that you turn over half of it, say, to her. She could take it from you, of course, as her father. You could say you made it out of the company. Of course it might happen, later on, that I might like to have a gentle hint dropped to her, d'ye see, as to where it really came from. Mind, I don't say this is what is really going to be done. It merely occurred to me."

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After waiting for a moment for some comment, he added a second thought: "You'd have to set about making friends with her, you know. In any case, you'd better begin at that at once."

The General remained buried in reflection. He lighted a cigarette, and poured out for himself still another *petit verrde*. His pursed lips and knitted brows were eloquent of intense mental activity.

"Well, do you see any objections to it?" demanded Thorpe, at last.

"I do not quite see the reasons for it," answered the other slowly. "What would you gain by it?"

"How do you mean,—gain?" put in the other, with peremptory intolerance of tone.

General Kervick spread his hands in a quick little gesture. These hands were withered, but remarkably well kept. "I suppose one doesn't do something for nothing," he said. "I see what I would gain and what she would gain, but I confess I don't see what positive advantage you would get out of it."

"No-o, I dare say you don't," assented Thorpe, with sneering serenity. "But what does that matter? You admit that you see what you'd gain. That's enough, isn't it?"

The older man's veined temples twitched for an instant. He straightened himself in his chair, and looked hard at his companion. There was a glistening of moisture about his wrinkled, staring eyes.

•

"It surely isn't necessary,—among gentlemen," he began, cautiously picking his phrases, "to have quite so much that's unpleasant, is it?"

"No; you're right. I didn't mean to be so rough," Thorpe declared with spontaneous contrition. Upon the instant, however, he perceived the danger that advantage might be taken of his softness. "I'm a plain-spoken man," he went on, with a hardening voice, "and people must take me as they find me. All I said was, in substance, that I intended to be of service to you,—and that that ought to interest you."

The General seemed to have digested his pique. "And what I was trying to say," he commented deferentially, "was that I thought I saw ways of being of service to you. But that did not seem to interest you at all."

•

"How,—service?" Thorpe, upon consideration, consented to ask.

"I know my daughter so much better than you do," explained the other; "I know Plowden so much better; I am so much more familiar with the whole situation than you can possibly be, I wonder that you won't listen to my opinion. I don't suggest that you should be guided by it, but I think you should hear it."

"I think so, too," Thorpe declared, readily enough. "What is your opinion?"

General Kervick sipped daintily at his glass, and then gave an embarrassed little laugh. "But I can't form what you might call an opinion," he protested apologetically, "till I understand a bit more clearly what it is you propose to yourself. You mustn't be annoyed if I return to that 'still harping on my daughter,' you know. If I must ask the question,—is it your wish to marry her?"

Thorpe looked blankly at his companion, as if he were thinking of something else. When he spoke, it was with no trace of

the disturbing consciousness that the General's question had been unduly intimate.

"I can't in the least be sure that I shall ever marry," he replied thoughtfully. "I may, and I may not. But,—starting with that proviso,—suppose I haven't seen any other woman that I'd rather think about marrying than—than the lady we're speaking of. However, you see it's all in the air, so far as my plans go."

"In the air be it," the soldier acquiesced plausibly. "Let us consider it as if it were in the air,—a possible contingency. This is what I would say: My——' the lady we are speaking of' is by way of being a difficult lady,—' uncertain, coy and hard to please,' as Byron says, you know, and it must be a very skillfully dressed fly indeed which brings her to the surface. She's been hooked once, mind, and she has a horror of it. Her husband was the most frightful brute and ruffian, you know. I was strongly opposed to the marriage, but her mother carried it through. But,—yes,—about her; I think she is afraid to marry again. If she does ever consent, it will be because poverty has broken her nerve. If she is kept on six hundred a year, she may be starved, so to speak, into taking a husband. If she had sixteen hundred,—either she would never marry at all, or she would be free to marry some handsome young pauper who caught her fancy. That would be particularly like her. You would be simply endowing some needy fellow, besides losing her for yourself. D'ye follow me? If you'll leave it to me I can find a better way,—better for all of us."

*

"Hm!" said Thorpe, and pondered the paternal statement. "I see what you mean," he remarked at last. "Yes, I see."

The General preserved silence for what seemed a long time, deferring to the reverie of his host. When finally he offered a diversion in the form of a remark about the hour, Thorpe shook himself, and then ponderously rose to his feet. He took his hat and coat from the waiter, and left without a word.

At the street door, confronting the waning foliage of the Embankment Garden, Kervick recalled to him the fact of his presence. "Which way are you going?" he asked.

"I don't know," Thorpe answered absently. "I think—I think I'll take a walk, on the Embankment,—by myself."

The General could not repress all symptoms of uneasiness. "But when am I to see you again?" he inquired, with solicitude.

"See me?" Thorpe spoke as if surprised. "There are things to be settled, are there not?" the other faltered, in distressed doubt as to the judicious tone to take. "You spoke, you know, of—of some employment that would—that would suit me."

*

Thorpe shook himself again, and seemed by an effort to recall his wandering attention. "Oh, yes," he said, with lethargic vagueness. "I haven't thought it out yet. I'll let you know,—within the week."

With the briefest of nods, he turned and crossed the road. Walking heavily, with rounded shoulders and hands plunged deep in his overcoat pockets, he went through the gateway, and chose a path at random. To the idlers on the garden benches who took note of him as he passed he gave the impression of one struggling with nausea. To his own blurred consciousness, he could not say which stirred most vehemently within him, his loathing for the creature he had fed and bought, or his bitter self-disgust.

The General, standing with exaggerated exactness upon the doorstep, had followed with his bulging eyes the receding figure. He stood still regarding the gateway, after the other had vanished. At last, nestling his chin comfortably into the fur of his collar, he smiled with self-satisfaction. "After all," he said to himself, "there are always ways of making a cad feel that he is a cad in the presence of a gentleman."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

***

LIGHT

FRANCIS W. BOURDILLON

THE night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

JACOB COPE'S NEW FRIEND

The Quaker's New Year's Guest

By SARAH M. H. CARDNER

THE old Kensington Railway Station was wrapped in gloom. It was midnight, and the occasional gas-jets simply seemed to bewilder the few passengers who were unfortunate enough to reach Philadelphia by this late train. The public carriages rolled sleepily away, and the street-cars had not yet closely approached the building.

Great brick boiler-works darkened the narrow streets down which a sturdy foot traveler made rapid progress on his homeward way.

*

He was well in the shadow, and supposed himself to be alone in the square, when he caught the sound of stealthy steps close in his rear. He paid but little attention until quite convinced that the person intended following him, and before coming to a decision he tried various devices. He paused at a corner where a lamp-post stood, and the mysterious walker paused also, at precisely the distance, to avoid being seen. He walked fast; the steps grew quick. He crossed the street, and presently was aware that the footfalls were on the same side. Finally accepting the situation, the gentleman stopped in the shadow and awaited his pursuer.

For a moment no one appeared; then a figure crept cautiously onward, and was arrested by the voice of the person just in advance. It was a gentle voice, and belonged to the outline of a tall man, somewhat beyond middle life. He wore a broad-brimmed hat of gray beaver, and carried a stout cane with an ivory top. These details came slowly to the knowledge of the stealthy follower as his eye grew accustomed to the dim light.

"Would thee like to join me?"

Had a bullet passed beside his cheek the queer fellow could not have been more astonished. He, too, wore odd garments, but they were of another class, and at this calm question he staggered and withdrew a little.

"Do not fear," the speaker continued; "I have no intent to harm thee, and should thy way lie in the same direction as mine own, it might be we should both be more comfortable to join our steps."

There was no answer, but Jacob Cope's strong eyes detected the marks of the prisoner. He turned back a pace or two.

"I assure thee I shall do thee no harm. It is very chill; I wish thee would come on directly."

*

There was a slight sound as of an uncertain motion; then, as the Friend turned to meet his pursuer, a sudden determination seemed to overcome all scruples, and the man walked on. His posture was always stooping, his eyes strained, as though by much intent watching, and, as they neared each other, Jacob saw that one hand was closed over a rough stone.

"Thee is thinly clad for this weather."

He got no reply, but keeping step with his companion, together they went on.

One square, two, were early passed, and they seemed to have reached the full limit of civilized darkness when the Friend felt a stealthy hand slip within his outer coat. There was a pocket there, and a small sum of money.

Suddenly he stopped walking, lifted his strong arm, and held, as in a vise, the thin, trembling fingers, which were already clasping the purse.

"Thee must not do me a wrong," he said quite sternly; then a gentler tone softened the rebuke. "If thee is in want, simply tell me thy needs, and, in so far as I can, will I relieve them; but I cannot possibly allow thee to add one more crime to thy record."

*

The prisoner was virtually bound; he felt that a tremendous power was present in that stalwart right arm, and his face, even in the dimness, shivered and trembled.

"You won't—won't send me back, will you?" he gasped.

"Send thee,—where?"

"My time was almost up,—it was, truly, but——"

"Had thee any good reason to feel that the State would not release thee when thy time of service had expired?"

A turn in the street brought a new gleam of light, and Jacob Cope saw his companion more clearly. There was a positive glow of horror on the pale face. He opened and shut his eyes several times, and his words came so quickly that they seemed to choke him.

"The day after to-morrow my time would be out—out—yes—they said I should be free. Yes, but—but—I swore once that New Year's Day I'd be a good man anyway—a good man. Yes, I said to her—a good man then, if I never was no other time—and——"

"Well?" asked Friend Cope encouragingly.

"I couldn't be in prison then, you see."

"Can one not be 'good' in prison?"

"No."

"I think thee is wrong there. If thee had not been 'good' in prison, for the length of thy term, thee could not have been released. All thee needed was a little patience to keep thee 'good' until the day after to-morrow, and then been free. Had thee stayed there, in confinement, I know not where, thee would have been spared doing me the wrong thee just threatened."

*

A stone fell heavily to the pavement.

"The New Year has already begun, and thee almost violated thy solemn promise,—to some one,—to be good on that day."

"Has it struck?"

Friend Cope drew out his watch and showed its clear face to his companion.

"Thee sees it is twenty-five minutes since it began."

The weak under jaw of the man dropped.

"I wish I hadn't done it," he said feebly.

"Thee did not do it,—commit the theft, I mean,—but it was more owing to my vigilance than thy intent."

The poor man stopped. He leaned back against a brick wall and looked into the distance, now becoming visible with more frequent lights. Jacob's heart was touched.

And somewhere from the open door there came the sound of "Amen"

"Has thee great need of money?"

"What can a fellow do without a cent? How is he going to be good, even on New Year's Day, without something to eat and wear?"

"I have thought of that. Tell me thy wants without fear. I will try to aid thee. I am but a servant of my Master——"

"Has he got a pile? Can you handle it? Will there be a chance for me to get any?"

*

His thought was all of this world.

"I am speaking of my Heavenly Master,—and to His service I commend thee."

The prisoner sighed.

"Do you know a place where I can hide over to-morrow,—to-day, I mean?"

"Yes."

A new energy possessed him.

"Take me there."

"What will thee do the day after?"

"I don't care," and he laughed sadly.

"But I care."

"You?"

"I care so much that I shall devote myself to helping thee to do right."

A gray cloud came over his face.

"You won't give me back,—my time was almost up,—I swear it was. You won't make me go back again?"

"We will not talk of that just now. First, we are going to make sure that thee has a quiet place to spend the New Year day. Is thee hungry? How long is it since thee had something to eat?"

The man actually smiled.

"Oh, I can stand it for a while yet if I'm sure you're not a fake and aren't going to give me up——"

"I think I can convince thee at least of my good intent. Will thee come with me?"

He sprang forward from his resting place against the wall, touched the good man with a gentle finger, and said in a half whisper:

"Do you want to hear my story?"

"No," came the quick answer. "Thy past is gone; what concerns me is thy future. If thee please we will quicken our pace."

*

But it was difficult to persuade the poor laggard that an ambush was not prepared for him, and he even shrank from the open door of a comfortable house, where Jacob had applied the key.

"Thee is not afraid?"

Something in the question struck a chord in the culprit's heart; he walked boldly after his host, and was soon seated before the kitchen fire, a goodly portion of food beside him. Then he was left alone.

When Friend Cope returned he had in his arms some well-worn garments, and, as he stood looking down at the empty plate, he said kindly but firmly:

"Thee is welcome to exchange thy outer clothing for these, but I shall exact three things of thee: first, that those thee remove shall be left in my cellar for such future use as I may direct; second, that thee will dine with my family to-day at one o'clock P. M.; third, that thee will afterward comply with a particular request that I shall make. Now tell me what thee wishes to do."

"I am afraid of you,—most afraid, for it seems too good to be true. I'll do it."

It was no new experience for Jacob Cope's family to receive an unannounced guest, and they were already gathered in the dining-room when the stranger was presented.

They spoke of much that interested him, rarely appealing to him or permitting him to think they regarded him otherwise than as one of themselves. And a new impulse had already sprung within his breast, when Jacob led the conversation to the subject of trades, and gradually there escaped a certainty that this wayfarer had once an excellent position. A cloud fell across his face, only to be lifted by a subsequent suggestion that there were many vacancies in the business world to be filled by the trustworthy.

*

When they were alone the strange guest asked: "Can a man be trusted who has been in prison?"

"Certainly, if he has there learned the lesson such confinement is intended to teach."

"Teach! What can it teach?"

"Has thee so missed thy lesson? Let me show thee how truly it is helpful sometimes to separate a wrong-doer from the temptation to do wrong,—to give him a chance alone to think over his career, to choose better things, and to begin at once to gain the respect of his caretakers. I doubt not thee was quiet and helpful to them."

"I was all of that, but they would not let me off. I had to come out for the New Year. I took a big risk! What would they do if they caught me?"

"They must not 'catch' thee. Thee must go back to them."

The man rose and made a movement, as if to run; then he slowly sat down again, whispering:

"It is New Year's Day."

The Friend took a little packet from his pocket.

"Among many," he said, "there is a habit of exchanging small gifts on the first of the year. We have not generally followed the custom, but in this instance I shall make an exception and ask thee to receive from me a trifle which will, I trust, serve thee in many ways."

The convict unfolded the purse, with its contents, just as he would have taken them at midnight,—by force. His face colored, tears sprang to his eyes, and then the door opened, and Jacob's children trooped in.

*

There were childish games of a simple fashion, such as had no false ring, and at last John Elbridge felt his tongue loosed, and he took the youngest on his knee, and told them tales of a seafaring life,—his father's own adventures in the far East,—until the twilight fell. His heart was warmed by the care which had secured for him a cheap and excellent lodging, and a welcome at this homely but happy hearth.

Far more, too; for, as he rose to depart, a kind voice said:

"At nine to-morrow, then, I will go with thee on thy little journey, and, at thy return, thee shall fill a place in our warehouse."

And a childish treble added: "I wish it were the New Year every day."

"So, too, do I," replied the stranger, with a visible struggle to force back his tears.

"Let each day be to us all, my children, the beginning of a year that has higher aims and greater fulfillment than those behind it."

And somewhere from the open door there came the sound of "Amen."

THE PERSONAL SIDE OF AMERICA'S GREATEST ACTORS

Number IV

STUART ROBSON

By GEORGE HENRY PAYNE

SINCE Bill Nye wrote: "He is the carnation and the incarnation of comedy, and yet he is a business man. His genius has not sapped his sagacity. When he talks of the juicy past, and bites his forefinger, and lights his eighty-first cigar, he grows in my affections like a Peri. Did you ever become real intimate with a Peri? People who know about it say a Perl is real hard to beat."

Thousands of people have felt Bertie the Lamb grow in their affections like a Peri, and have not gone farther into explanation than that it was due to Robson's "charm."

"You are going to meet Stuart Robson," said a friend to whom I made a communication. "You will have a delightful time. I have not seen him in fifteen years. I wonder if he is as eccentric as ever."

And I found that Stuart Robson was "as eccentric as ever." But as I watched him in his home life (queer word that for an actor when he is on the road), watched him as he prepared for the stage, and watched him from behind the scenes, I saw that the "eccentricity,"—the "being out of a circle,"—was merely the result of having a larger radius.

As Mr. Robson smoked his "eighty-first" cigar he talked of his boyhood, his struggles, his successes, and I saw something of the real man behind the actor, the true character behind the "eccentricities."

•

Robson's Estimate of the Booth Family

You know what Carlyle said of genius and its nearness to the capability of hard work. Well, Stuart Robson is a worker, a hard worker,—even in play; and had he chosen any other profession, even one where his personality would not have counted, his energy would have told. It is not that he is a plotting, scheming sort of a worker; it is not that he is imaginative; he is simply a forceful, energetic personality that uses its *full force* and energy at every step.

I had asked him some question about John Wilkes Booth, the murderer of Lincoln, Booth and Robson having been schoolmates. He stood up, threw the end of his cigar at the window pane, looked at me once, "sized me up," took a handful of cigars out of his pocket, lit one, paced up and down the room, and then said:

"A strange streak ran through the whole family,—Edwin, melancholia; Junius Brutus, Jr., lack of memory; Doctor Frank, romanticism; John was ordinary as a boy, but he could lash himself into a fury. When he killed Lincoln he was undoubtedly insane."

There wasn't so much in the answer as in the way it came out. The man's whole mind was occupied with what he was saying,—and that is his foremost characteristic.

To many people this may appear as an eccentricity, especially in the light of the fact that it is so closely allied to a keen sense of humor. Sensibility and humor, Carlyle said another time, make genius, and these Stuart Robson has. When you add to them his capacity for hard and continuous work, you have a glance at the foundation stone of his individuality and charm of character, or, if you like, eccentricity.

"What do you think of your own eccentricity?" I asked, after I had told him what his friend of fifteen years ago had said of him. He made a dive into a trunk for a fresh box of cigars, looked at me with those big eyes, and then laughed,—a genuine laugh, for he saw the humor in the question. Then taking its serious side:

"I think," he said, "that every man who amounts to anything is eccentric. What I mean is," and he got up and paced the floor, his hands deep in his trousers pocket, puffing vigorously at his cigar, "that every man has his individualities, and that in some men these individualities are more strongly marked."

•

The Secret of Robson's Youthfulness

"What is the secret of this eternal youth?" I asked, after watching the elastic step, the free, easy swing of the body, the eye bright like that of a boy not out of his teens, the voice rich and full,—the hair, it is true, gray, but the grayness is seemingly strangely out of place. You see, Stuart Robson is now about sixty-two.

"Why," he said, apparently a little phased, "I don't know."

To be sixty-two to-day is as natural to him as it was to have been forty-two twenty years ago,—a content that is not at all common.

"I take rather good care of myself, I suppose," he went on,—as if that explained it.

"How?"

"Oh—I, er—well—Oh,—er—no particular way." And that, perhaps, was the secret,—that doing what he wanted to do, and could do with all his energy, and not doing what he did not want to do, or could not do, over and over again in his mind,—the wear and tear of life that comes to so many of us.

And from these two qualities, simple strenuousness and sincerity, as from the union in different proportions of the better elements, you get other qualities, and the foremost of these is one that I am almost tempted to say is as rare in stageland as are snakes in Ireland—modesty. There are men who are too gentlemanly to let the least egotism appear, but it is really a fact that, as Stuart Robson is constituted to-day, he thinks of himself in the same modest way as that in which he talks of himself and his work.

"Anybody could play Bertie the Lamb," he said to me on one occasion.

MRS. STUART ROBSON AND MASTER ROBSON

Ten minutes later he made the same remark of Tony Lumpkin; and that night, as he prepared to go on the stage in The Meddler, he said, "Eli is a very easy part; nothing difficult; you might play it."

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The Disappointment of the Matinée Girl

And these qualities which so dominate the man in his private life, and which one can see are not of the kind that grow in a day, the discerning person will see persistent and consistent in the actor on the stage.

I spent a day with the actor during his week in Baltimore. It was a clear October afternoon, and we walked down from the hotel to the theatre. As we neared the Academy of Music, some young women, slightly suggestive of the matinée type, came out of the theatre, where they had evidently purchased tickets, and, after studying the photographs of the star and the company, started to come up the street.

One of them looked casually at Mr. Robson, seemed to see something in his face that recalled some one, called the attention of her companion to it, and then, as we passed, I saw that the look of doubt had given way to one of certainty, and in that certainty there was much disappointment.

I looked at Mr. Robson; he looked at me. He laughed and said:

"It's funny, but the same thing has happened to me before,—in Philadelphia, I think. Those girls are going to see Stuart Robson to-night, and their idea of him was probably that light-headed young fellow, Bertie the Lamb. They have thought of me in no other way. Now they see that Bertie,—that is, S. R.,—is not young; did you see the expression on that girl's face? 'What! That old thing!' That's what it meant.

"I suppose it's because I'm never seen much out of stage life, and then I've always been playing young parts; that gives people the idea that I'm young, too. Dear me, that was a long time ago!"

•

Favoring Foreign Actors

"You see, that is one of the disadvantages that arise from playing the one part. American audiences fix a part on a man when he has been successful in it, and hold him to it closely. They are lenient with foreigners, and give them plenty of chance to show in a variety of plays. It is hardly fair to American actors."

Seeing Mr. Robson in Baltimore was productive of a flood of pleasant reminiscences. It was in Baltimore that he went to school; it was there that he made his first stage appearance as an actor.

If you can imagine a short, rather well put together man, in appearance not more than forty-five, pacing the room with a nervous, elastic step, his hands swinging by his sides or plunged into his pockets, a cigar in his mouth (always a cigar), his eyes bright and sparkling, his voice as agreeable and as expressive as possible, you will catch some of the irresistible charm of manner that the actor put into these dips into the "old days."

"I suppose most boys act over the plays they see. It seems to be an instinct. I, however, had this advantage,—that my principal companions were sons of a great actor.

"Edwin Booth I didn't see so much of, because he was older than I, and associated with my brother. John Wilkes Booth and I were about the same age, and we frequently had our little theatrical entertainments, in which John Wilkes had a leading part."

•

Robson's First Appearance

"The only time I ever came in close contact with Edwin Booth during those early days in Baltimore was once when the dramatic club, of which he and my brother were leading spirits, ran short of material. For some slight offense my mother had prohibited my appearance in the garret that afternoon; but ambition will mount, you know, so up I went. My part was a very small one, and I was put into it without rehearsal. I remember there was a placard on our front door which read:

Boys	3 cents
Small boys	2 cents

"Edwin Booth had the heavy rôle, and my part was to step forward and raise an ax to strike his head off; but in reality to give the

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE
IN THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

D. DIMPLE
IN LEAP YEAR

BERTIE THE LAMB
IN THE HENRIETTA

FRANCIS ELI
IN THE MEDDLER

EDITOR'S NOTE—This paper is the fourth in the Post's series of The Personal Side of America's Greatest Actors, by George Henry Payne. Those which have already appeared are:

I—Sol Smith Russell	October 29
II—Francis Wilson	December 3
III—Richard Mansfield	January 14
IV—Stuart Robson	February 11

cue for the rescue scene. I stepped forward and spoke my little piece, and was about to raise the ax when I heard my mother coming up the stairs and calling for me in tones that promised 'a light wind, followed by a sharp gale,' as the weather prophets say. I dropped the ax and fled. Years after, when I came to know Booth well, we talked over that episode of our early days, which he remembered distinctly."

Shortly after this Robson became a page in the Thirtieth Congress. Even at that age he had the genius for hard work, and gave himself up entirely to what he was doing. Few boys of thirteen would have put so much energy into a campaign, but if there is a word above all others that expresses his character, it is determination.

HENRY DOVE
IN MARRIED LIFE

•

Robson as a Page

"I don't suppose," Mr. Robson himself says of this early experience, "that it is easy at any time to get an appointment as page, but in those days it was particularly hard. It was some time before I succeeded, and after all my endeavors it was an accident that brought me a coveted place.

"I was born in Annapolis and raised in Baltimore. My parents had no political 'pull' whatever, and their means were not abundant enough to make them influential socially. The necessity of doing something to add to the family store, therefore, came upon me very early in life. I thought of a dozen things; my mother of a dozen more. Finally, I hit on a place in the Capitol as page.

"Reverdy Johnson, who was then a prominent man, was a distant relative of ours, and he gave me a letter to some friends in Washington. On my arrival there I found more than a hundred boys, all with more influence than I had, clamoring for the dozen places to be filled. Yet I held on to what little grip my letters gave me, and one day secured Jeff Davis as one of my sponsors. His letter to the doorkeeper of the House was not over earnest, but it was a great kindness to a boy without influence."

•

How Robson Secured the Appointment

"I haunted the Capitol day after day, and I must have been a nightmare to the man having the appointing power. I was so persistent that he finally promised me that I should go on as substitute when any one of the boys was too sick to serve.

"I have often heard it said that great events turn upon small hinges. It was so in my case. One of the boys was reported sick one morning, and I heard of it early. I immediately collared the doorkeeper, and reminded him of his promise.

"I was just in the nick of time, for he had made the same promise to a dozen other boys, and they were on the lookout as well as myself. I was ahead, however, and was sent on the floor of the House to take the place of the sick boy. It seems to me that I must have had a hundred eyes that day, for no member called a page from any part of the House that I did not see and immediately make a break for him. I wanted to do all the work, and the rest of the boys were quite willing to let me do as much as I could.

"Howell Cobb was then Speaker of the House, and Robert Toombs and Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, were members. Mr. Toombs had signed my application. I naturally kept my eye on him that fateful day, and never missed an opportunity of jumping to his desk upon the slightest provocation."

•

When Robson Trod on a Congressman's Toes

"Late in the afternoon he and Mr. Stephens were at their desks, and talking to them was a very large gentleman, with the biggest feet I ever saw on a man. Of course, such a thing as that never escapes a boy, and all the pages were observing those feet. Finally, a member sitting directly behind Mr. Toombs clapped for a page. I immediately made for him, and in passing this ponderous man with the big feet I stumbled over him. I suppose I must have hurt his bunions terribly, for he gave me an awful nudge in the ribs with his elbow and said:

"'You careless little rascal! Can't you see where you are going?'

"Mr. Toombs laughed heartily, but I was in anything but good humor over the incident. I completed my errand for the member who had called, and then took my seat below the Speaker's desk. A few minutes later the large man with the big feet, whom I afterward learned was General Winfield Scott, left the House, and Mr. Toombs called me. He was in excellent humor and said: 'Son, there's another man over there with big feet, and if you will go and fall over them I will give you half a dollar.'

"I looked at him in amazement, and he began to ask me some questions about myself. I told him that I was only on for the day, and reminded him that he was on my petition for a regular place. He seemed to take an interest in me, and took me down to the doorkeeper, and finally had me made a regular page.

"Although I felt very much indebted to Mr. Toombs, I wrote to Jefferson Davis and every one else who had signed my petition, thanking them for what they had done in my behalf. I received a reply from Mr. Davis that I shall never forget. He said:

> "'It is likely my influence availed you but little in securing the position, but I am glad you thank me even for a fancied favor. Ingratitude is a vice which the vilest is incapable of attributing to himself.'"

Robson remained in Congress until he was too big for the position. He worked for a while as a compositor on a Washington paper, and then went back to Baltimore. The story of his first appearance on the stage is another illustration of the quality of the boy. He had a slight acquaintance with John E. Owens, who was then running the Baltimore Museum. He was given a part in a play called Our Uncle Tom's Cabin, which was supposed to present the Southern side of the slavery question. He only had a few lines to say, and those were very serious.

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When They Laughed at Robson's Pathos

His last line on leaving the stage was supposed to be pathetic, but, as Robson spoke it, the audience howled with laughter.

"I felt as though the world were very black, indeed," he said, speaking of this experience. "It was my first experience with an unappreciative audience, and I made up my mind then that that very same audience,—my idea was, if possible, to get each and every individual who was there,—would some day pay me tribute as an actor."

He began then to study in earnest, and secured short engagements in Washington and Philadelphia. Eventually he became second low comedian in a stock company in Troy. For two years he was on the road, and in the fall of 1857 he appeared in the Boston Museum again, and this time was greeted with laughter that was as music to his soul, for it was a "tribute and not a satire."

As an instance of his ambitious nature, he tells how, during his engagement in Troy, he endeavored to have the public become acquainted with him. A theatrical paper in Philadelphia had, in return for a weekly letter contributed gratuitously, allowed him to say anything about himself that he liked. Burton, the great comedian of the day, with whom he was playing, appeared in Twelfth Night, and, in his account of this, Robson said, that while Burton's performance was undoubtedly very fine, "many of the critical of this town concede to that talented young comedian, Stuart Robson, superiority to Burton himself."

"Imagine my nerve," said Mr. Robson; "a boy still in his teens comparing himself to one of the greatest actors of the century."

After playing for a number of years in St. Louis, Washington, and Selwyn's Theatre in Boston, he became associated with Charles Thorne, J. H. Stoddard, and other favorite actors of that day in the Union Square Theatre Company. In 1876, having saved something over $10,000, he made an attempt at starring in Two Men of Sandy Bar, Bret Harte's first dramatic effort.

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His Famous Partnership with Crane

His savings of ten years vanished, and next year he joined the Park Theatre Company in New York, playing Professor Gillipod, in Leonard Grover's comedy, Our Boarding-House. W. H. Crane appeared in the same play as Colonel M. T. Elevator. Crane and Robson became the talk of the town; their characterizations appealed strongly to the New York audiences, who recognized the satire, and appreciated the grotesque and anomalous humor of the two comedians. Their success,—the "leading characters" of the play were not talked of half so much as these two "low comedians,"—suggested the famous partnership of Robson & Crane, a partnership that lasted for twelve years, and that, aside from its great financial and artistic success, had the happy result of suggesting a similar arrangement to Booth and Barrett and to Jefferson and Florence.

Of Robson on the stage, some one has said that he is a "grown-up cherub," and a critic on another occasion referred to him as the "man with a squeak."

All this would apply very well to the actor of the old days, but no one who has seen him as Lemuel Jucklin, in The Jucklins, would concede that these epigrams, however clever, are in any way true. In The Jucklins he has a serious part, as far away from Dromio of Syracuse, or Bertie the Lamb, as one can imagine. The eccentric old man, with his addiction to fighting chickens, is strangely moving, and has given the actor an opportunity to show his power in scenes of pathos.

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Robson's Portrayal of Character

Robson is a man of nervous temperament, very emotional, and possessed of rare dramatic intelligence; and yet, as great an artistic success as was his Lem Jucklin, it was not a money-making play.

It is a tradition that Stuart Robson is a natural-born comedian. Look at his mannerisms, people say; look at his jerky gestures, look at the way he sways from side to side, and lets his hands hang from his wrists. But his eccentricity on the stage, unlike his eccentricity in real life, is conscious.

The charm of his work is really its freshness and originality. It is never hackneyed, never banal, and his dramatic intelligence is shown in his use of the anomalous, as when Captain Crosstree, in a burlesque of Black-eyed Susan, he appeared with a body artificially inflated, and a face made up to appear ferocious, and talked in a squeaky and almost infantile voice. And Bertie the Lamb,—the ever-famous Bertie,—the charm of that character will live long. Here, again, Mr. Robson showed his fine use of the anomalous; here, again, he used the mannerisms which he could make so amusing; but above this was the ability to create, on the stage, a type the principal strength of which lay in its satire.

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The Delight of Robson in His Home Life

For years Mr. Robson made his home at Cohasset, Massachusetts, where Crane, Booth and Barrett also had summer residences. He has purchased a house on the Atlantic highlands, and there, when the season is over, he goes for rest and his own entertainment. He is one of the actors who has as many friends outside the profession as in it.

A man of wide reading and culture, he takes an interest in everything pertaining to the stage, and his house is full of mementoes of past days. His wife, who is a member of his company, and Stuart Robson, Jr., whom in his love of the anomalous he characterizes as "a combination of a great scoundrel and an angel" (he is six years of age), make up the Robson household.

Told of the Ministers

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Why Doctor Temple Had a Restless Night

ARCHBISHOP TEMPLE was once taken home by a clergyman in the absence of the latter's wife. Next morning the host politely expressed the hope that when His Lordship again honored the house Mrs. Temple would accompany him.

"No, thanks," the Archbishop laconically replied: "Mrs. Temple doesn't at all like roughing it."

The clergyman's feelings were deeply hurt, for the visit had meant some expense and much anxiety to him. He unburdened his soul to his wife on her return.

"Why, my dear," she exclaimed, "you didn't surely put the Archbishop in the pink bedroom, did you?"

"I certainly did."

"Oh, then, that's it. I put all the plate in the bed for safety while I was away!"

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When the Wrong Hymn Was Chosen

TWO country clergymen had agreed to exchange pulpits on a certain date, says the Syracuse Standard. One of them made the following solemn announcement to his congregation on the Sabbath previous.

"My dear brethren and sisters, I have the pleasure of stating that on next Sunday the Rev. Zachariah B. Day will preach for you. Now sing two verses of Hymn No. 489, That Awful Day Will Surely Come."

And it took him some time to discover why the congregation smiled.

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How the Organist Spoiled the Sermon

REV. SIMON J. McPHERSON preached on "Hell" in a Presbyterian church in New York recently. He pictured in burning words the terrors awaiting the unrepentant wicked in the next world. His sermon made a deep impression on the congregation. The organist had not known the subject of the sermon when he selected the response, and thought no more about it.

The organist began to play the air pianissimo, and a broad grin spread over every face. Doctor McPherson looked appealingly upward to the organist, and then turned over the leaves of the hymn-book with desperate eagerness. The organist left his pipes, and hurried down to the pastor.

"We must change that response," whispered the pastor.

"Why?" asked the organist innocently.

"I have been preaching on 'Hell,'" said the Doctor "and the response you have chosen is What Must it Be to be There?

The organist grinned as he climbed to the organ and started up Art Thou Weary?

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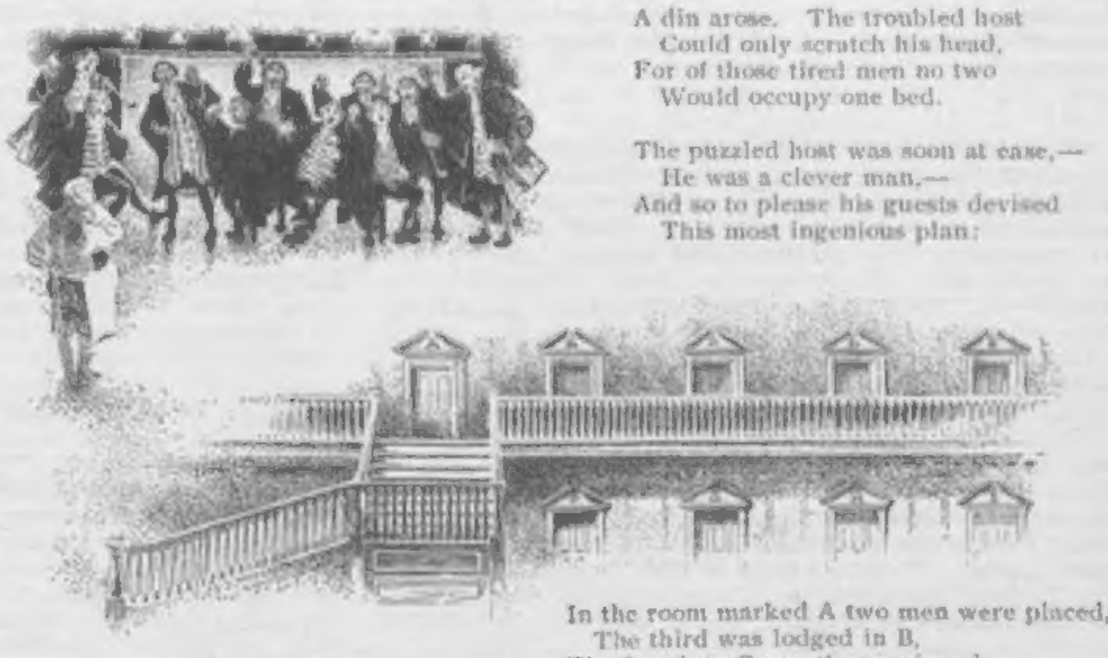
The TEN TRAVELERS

TEN weary, footsore travelers,
All in a woeful plight,
Sought shelter at a wayside inn
One dark and stormy night.

"Nine rooms, no more," the landlord said,
"Have I to offer you.
To each of eight a single bed,
But the ninth must serve for two."

A din arose. The troubled host
Could only scratch his head,
For of those tired men no two
Would occupy one bed.

The puzzled host was soon at ease,—
He was a clever man,—
And so to please his guests devised
This most ingenious plan:



In the room marked A two men were placed,
The third was lodged in B,
The fourth to C was then assigned,
The fifth retired to D.

In E he tucked the sixth away,
In F the seventh man,
The eighth and ninth in G and H,
And then to A he ran,

Wherein the host, as I have said,
Had laid two travelers by,
Then taking one,—the tenth and last,—
He lodged him safe in I.

Nine single rooms,—a room for each,—
Were made to serve for ten,
And this it is that puzzles me
And many a wiser man.

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Doing Justice to the Southern Negro

AMONG the subjects which must be ever-recurrent in public discussion in this country is the question of race. A cause of debate even with the framers of the Constitution more than a century ago, and a potent cause, among others, of the Civil War more than a generation ago, it is not to be expected that the race question in this country will down in the century to come; for it has provoked heated debate and the clash of arms in the past, while it is a present source of factional strife and sectional discord.

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It is to be regretted that this subject cannot be separated absolutely from politics, nor from partisanship, and treated distinctly as a problem of sociology, for it is emphatically a problem of social science, and it demands, as it must receive, the keenest attention and the most conscientious scrutiny of publicist and statesman to work out its solution. No partisan wrangle can enforce its settlement; no war of words can conclude its pacification; no shot-guns nor knives can kill this living issue.

The race question in the United States has been made a political question mainly because the close of the Civil War left the Northern rulers of the land in a frame of mind that impelled them to supplement emancipation with the gift of the suffrage. In Philadelphia, a city that shared with Boston the honorable distinction of being a centre of the agitation for the abolition of slavery, where Garrison wrote, where Whittier was mobbed, and where Purvis lived, in Pennsylvania, which shares with Ohio the tradition of maintaining "underground railroad" routes for the harboring and forwarding of runaway bondsmen, it is quite within the limits of conservatism to say that the best and truest friends of the colored citizen would to-day, if they were to speak frankly, pronounce the wholesale and indiscriminate conference of the franchise of suffrage a mistake. It was an emotional error; an impulsive gift of atonement, bestowed without thought of the worthiness or capacity of the recipient.

But that acknowledged error,—for it is acknowledged as an error by all our leading statesmen,—once committed and embodied in our fundamental law, the sequence must be faced by the nation. It becomes all the more important because of our acquisition of new possessions, inhabited by other races radically alien in blood and in social and industrial training to what is broadly, though inaccurately, called colloquially the Anglo-Saxon.

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It is this international, or intercolonial, phase that opens an altogether novel aspect to this discussion. We have granted naturalization to all immigrants who have voluntarily thronged to our shores for work, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. We have denied that precious privilege only to the Chinese. Hungarian and Pole, Italian and Slav, Danish and Irish, German and French, each and all have been made to feel at home in our broad domains. They have been assimilated. Their gift of citizenship has served as the badge of their enlistment in the tremendous army of national industry.

But in barring the Chinese race from this civil privilege, the United States has asserted its right of control over the franchise. The Congress continues to assert that right still further, by proposing such a measure as the Lodge bill to restrict immigration from any country by an educational qualification. The same right of this Government to define the limits of citizenship is maintained in the proposed form of Government for Hawaii; and it must ever be borne in mind that the suffrage is only incident, not essential, to citizenship.

Here, then, may be found the suggestion for logical treatment of the race question in the South. It is wise and it is just to consider the negro citizen as a man, upon his individual merits. His personal character and education are the standards by which to judge his fitness for the franchise.

It is because of defects in those qualities that we debar the Chinese resident from naturalization. It is precisely those qualities that we propose to apply as tests of the fitness of future immigrants for citizenship. It is a similar test that, in one form or another, will be applied to the inhabitants of our new possessions in the Caribbean and the Pacific. It is well known that there exists between the Southern white man of education and self-respect and the Southern negro of honesty and industry the warmest mutual regard, amounting even to affection. It is one of the most humane traditions of our Civil War that, with every able-bodied master and master's son at the front in the Confederate ranks, the slaves cared for the plantations, and rendered faithful service to the helpless women and children and invalids in the mansions. Why should not the people of the United States rid themselves of the traditional stigma which clings to the negro because of his former slavery? Why not treat the citizen of colored complexion individually, as his own character may deserve? Why not consider him exactly as he is considered in Paris, and in every other European capital?

The race question thus reduces itself to a question of the individual, and its solution may best be found in the evolution of personal character. —E. C. HOWLAND.

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The Value of the All-Round Man

ONE observes with some interest a disposition in the purely critical circles of England to deny the scholarly greatness of the late Mr. Gladstone. The discussion was brought about in an address by Lord Rosebery, in which he spoke of Mr. Gladstone's "bookishness," and the general conclusion of the reviewers who have taken part in the discussion appears to be that Mr. Gladstone, so far from being supereminent either as a scholar or a diplomat, was only a fine example of the "all-round man."

Such a decision, if it can be called a decision, carries with it a shade of disappointment that is unfortunate, but which will disappear on close examination. The arraignment appears to imply that Mr. Gladstone was too versatile to be profound; that his evenly balanced faculties were a continual bar to the supereminence of any one faculty.

But one ought to ask himself here if the specialization of talent, and that sacrifice of coördinate powers which becomes a necessity where the man would excel in a particular field, is really the most desirable consummation according to the natural scheme of man's development and his largest reward. Is the specialist who has, let us say, dwarfed and weakened his emotional, in the prodigious enlargement of his intellectual faculties, the ideal man of whom Nature has given us some foregleams, and to which the race along its higher planes is struggling?

The properly developed all-round man is not necessarily a jack-of-all-trades. But he is necessarily a man who can think and will and love with that coördination of natures which oftenest finds its definition in the word genius. It is fairly apparent in Mr. Gladstone's own statements that the carefully preserved sensibilities through all the crushing weight of Parliamentary strife kept him fresh. He never lost that aptitude and adaptability which could assuage the stress put upon part of his nature, or be turned easily to the free play of another part. He came from the stormy scenes of Irish Home Rule to the perusal of Robert Elsmere with a student's zest. He laid down the Greek Homer, and, taking up his ax, exulted for a while in the mere overflow of a vital nature. In other words, he never allowed one part of his nature to become an incubus on the others. It may be said that, if he refused to become a philosopher, a savant, or a scholar, in the strictly technical sense of those words, it was because he insisted on remaining a man.

There is every good reason why such a man should be measured by the rounded circumference of his life, and not by his failures to excel certain specials. And it is that life in its fullness and completeness that won for him the extraordinary title of Grand Old Man.

At this hour of the world, when trained technical eyes are searching continually for the flashing *spicula* of genius, it may be well to consider if the men who come the nearest to doing all their work well in this world are not those who are least apt to attract the attention of the chroniclers by flashing achievements, and to ask if that world does not gain more in its ideals, as well as in its achievements, from those who live fully up to all the possibilities of heart and brain and muscle, than from those who, in order to excel their fellows, narrow themselves to an exclusive path in which Fame alone can follow them. —NYM CRINKLE (A. C. WHEELER).

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The Passing of Pessimism

THE other day a man who is not great said a great thing. It was: "Pessimism does not pay." He was an American, of course, as might be inferred from his commercial point of view, but the principle may well be broadened to include the moral and spiritual spheres of influence. To the man who always looks upon the dark side of things, that is the side which is forever bound to appear. Prosperity never waits upon the prophets of inevitable disaster, nor happiness upon those who bitterly deny that she exists. To him who distrusts friendship absolutely, friendship is never disinterested, and at him who insists that love is fleeting love smiles satirically an instant and is quickly gone.

While it is not altogether true that "the world is what we make it,"—many things having happened to the world before we came,—enough of the proverb is valid to emphasize the importance of what may be called the *a priori* point of view. If we start with the theory that life is found to be a disappointment, that success is failure, that love is a mockery, that human instincts are toward the bad, we shall have but little trouble in demonstrating to ourselves that we are right, or in inducing others, at the sacrifice of their peace of mind, to share in our convictions. On the other hand, a thorough belief in the good instincts of those we meet is quite as sure to justify itself in the conditions which it inspires.

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There were three men in the world,—three men in particular. One watched the clouds. If the shadow on the sky was but as a breath upon a window-pane he sighed and murmured to himself and his companions, "Alas, it will grow; the day is never perfect!" And when the heavens were overcast he groaned in excess of triumphant misery and cried out, "Blessed be Pessimism!"

Another of the men was forever looking at the sun, and even when it was hidden by the clouds he shut his eyes and declared that it was still shining. However, the process of shutting his eyes wearied him a bit, and he suffered more or less bewilderment from gazing at the yellow glare, but on the bright days he called out, "Blessed be Idealism!" and, on the whole, was not the most foolish or the most unhappy philosopher in the world.

The third man did not watch the sky so steadfastly, but did more work upon the earth. On the bright days he enjoyed the sunshine and fortified himself against the dark days which he knew were sure to come. Never exuberant in success, he was never desperate in failure. He observed the good with gratitude and nurtured it; he looked upon the bad with regret, and did what he might to root it out; but he never assumed to magnify either the good or the bad into an imperious universal tendency.

He was the Man Who Knew, and as things which he had foreknown came to pass, and as the scheme of his life worked itself out in fulfillment of his rational expectations, he said, "Blessed be the True Realism,—the Philosophy of Things as They Are!" —FREDERICK NYE.

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Sentimental Sacrifice for the Picturesque

THE harrowing announcement comes from over the sea that the Ponte Vecchio, in Florence, is to be torn down, to give place to a modern suspension bridge; and then, that our feelings may be lacerated to the point of making some sort of active interference, we are assured that "half of the Via Porta Rossa" is already down, that the Palazzo de Parte Guelfa, which has been drawn by nearly every architect who visits Florence, is marked for destruction, and that the picturesque "backs" upon the Arno are to be removed.

In short, we are told that Florence is to be "modernized," that its old charm is in serious danger, that a society has been formed with a membership bristling with Princes, Counts, professors and what not of distinction, whose object is the preservation of the city from vandalism, and that we all should send resolutions and money to help it along.

Of course we should. If it were not for American subscriptions, what an amount of vandalism would go on in the quaint old world, through the ravages of time and of men. But to be serious, for of course it is a serious thing to think that our children may have to be satisfied with drawings and photographs of the old Ponte Vecchio instead of with the bridge itself,—to be serious, there is a great deal of emotional sentimentalism written on these subjects.

The question is not one of disrespect or of reverence for the past. The issue is between the living and the dead. Florence is a city of the present as well as of the past. There is love and striving and sorrow in Florence now, and we cannot make of the living thousands a sacrifice for the thousands whose lives were ended long ago. What right have we, because a bridge is picturesque, to bid men risk their lives by crossing none but that; or because a street is narrow and dark, and a house has hung over the river in the same way for years and years, to shrug our shoulders at danger, as if the cries of fatherless little children, and the tears of widows, and the comfortlessness of modern Rachels were of no account?

We may go too far in our love of the past. We do go too far when we forget the present, and shed tears because an old rookery must come down to save life to-day. The only compromise must recognize this. If we love the relics of the past enough to preserve them by providing other abodes for the living, as has been done in preserving ancient Rome, so that present surroundings may be as fresh, clean and strong as the times require, then is our love worthy; but if we love it only enough to make charges of vandalism without thought of the claims of to-day, then are we sentimental, speaking only as fools. —CHARLES MULFORD ROBINSON.

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The Weakest Feature of Our Navy

A FEW days ago it was announced that a passed assistant engineer in the Navy had resigned from the corps he had served with credit to the flag and himself, and had joined the technical staff of a great manufacturing corporation. If he were the only young naval engineer who had taken this step it would not be worth mentioning in this place, but he is simply one of many engineer officers, the first men in their classes at Annapolis, who are forced out of the country's service by circumstances which the whole Navy is now endeavoring to persuade Congress to change. This condition of affairs is conceded to be the weakest feature of our present naval organization.

The first time the position of the engineer in the Navy was questioned, the matter was settled by exempting him from corporal punishment. Since then warfare at sea has changed completely. Masts are now used only for signaling, and as supports for fighting-tops. Extra speed is no longer obtained by clapping on all sail until the spars and tackle can stand no more strain, but by putting forced draught on the furnaces. The towering three-decker, with an enormous spread of canvas, has become a squat kettle full of simmering machinery. All that is left of the powder-boy is his name, for the guns are fed by ammunition hoists and trained by mechanism of great intricacy. From stem to stern the war-vessel is the result of engineering knowledge, yet the engineer himself is actually little better than a nobody on the ship.

His rank is relative, not actual. He must live out his hours of duty down below the decks, where the heat is terrible; he must look after the most complicated kind of machinery, crowded into the least possible space in order to give room for the guns, coal, ammunition and other materials of war; if he makes a mistake, he and his men stand a good chance to be lifted out of the inferno, parboiled or mangled, if indeed the ship is not sunk.

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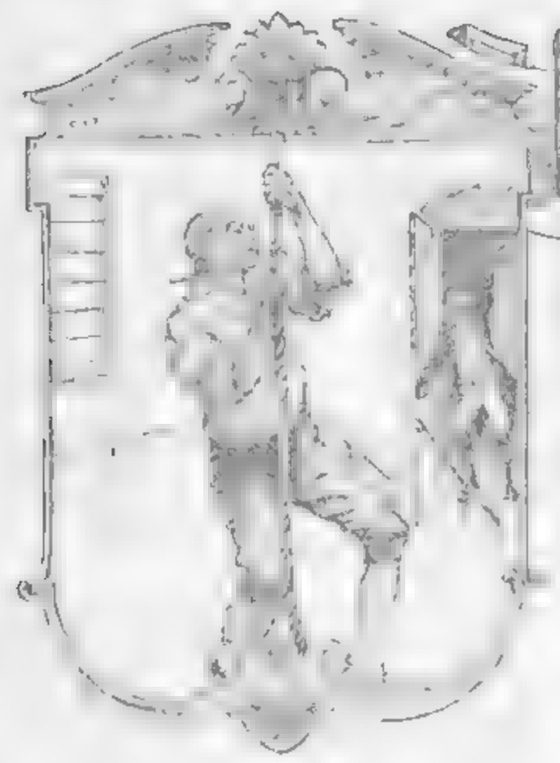
He knows when he starts on a cruise that his is the hardest task on the vessel, and that in peace or in war the conditions under which he works are so severe that he will probably break down before his time, and be "condemned" as useless by the Board of Survey which passes judgment on his case. Yet he has at heart the honor of the corps which made the Oregon what it is, and the traditions of the service in mind, and goes about his work quietly and patiently, knowing that before long his claims will be recognized by the country and his position will receive the recognition it merits.

Moreover, for many years his lot was embittered by friction between his corps and the line officers in charge of the ship. A year ago this feeling so interfered with the welfare of the Navy that Secretary Long appointed a committee to remedy matters. Theodore Roosevelt, then Assistant Secretary of the Navy, was Chairman, and among the members were Admiral Sampson, Captain Evans, Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright, and others of the line and representatives of the Engineer Corps. They prepared a bill, which, in a modified form, is before Congress. Its object is to fuse the engineers with the line, giving the former actual, not relative, rank, and to make the latter better acquainted with the engines and boilers, which are the life of the ships they command.

The Navy is united in its desire to have this bill passed, engineers in civil life throughout the country are taking the matter up in behalf of their naval associates, and a strong effort is being made to persuade Congress to sanction the measure, which but slightly repays the country's debt to the men who demonstrated beyond a doubt that the honorable record of our sailors of former years is safe in the keeping of their successors of to-day. —JOHN GOODELL.



"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"

That are Making HISTORY

The United States and England to Protect Liberia

Last summer the Post noted that the people of the Liberian Republic, in whom citizens of the United States have a warm interest, were greatly alarmed over indications that a strong European Power was plotting to wrest their territory from them.

By themselves these negroes, educated and self reliant as they are, could never stand up against an armed invasion. Their best defense since their Republic was established has been the moral support they have had in the United States and Great Britain.

It is now announced that Bishop Hartzell, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, bearing to the Government and people of Liberia an assurance that the United States and Great Britain will prevent the absorption of their country by any Power, should occasion for such action arise.

No formal protectorate is to be proclaimed, but the independence of the Republic will be jointly guarded. It is said that Liberia has already offered the United States a harbor and coaling station for the Navy.

The Czar Honors the Founder of the Bertillon System

The Czar is the first head of a State to confer distinction on M. Bertillon, author of the new French system of identifying criminals, which has now been adopted in nearly every large country, and has met with favor in the principal cities of the United States.

The Bertillon system involves a number of measurements, made at a first arrest, and catalogued for future reference. It is based on the three points: absolute fixity of the human skeleton after twenty years of age, great diversity of the human skeleton, and the ease of measuring these diversities.

In Paris the police have already obtained measurements of more than 150,000 criminals, and the system is so simple that an ordinary clerk can run through all this mass of figures, to find if a suspected person was on record, in five minutes.

Considering the practically unalterable condition of the human skeleton after the twentieth year, as well as of deformities and peculiarities of the limbs, the Bertillon system is pronounced to be essentially infallible as a means of identification.

A Clearing-House of Practical Help for the Deserving

There has been organized recently, under the presidency of the Rev. Dr. Josiah Strong, and with a directory containing the names of many persons of eminence in the study of social economics, a society known as the League for Social Service, which should have a future of great influence.

The society is formed to promote the aims of all organizations in the country having the welfare of humanity at heart, and especially those which concern themselves particularly with the growing questions of good government and social elevation.

It will endeavor, while doing its share of independent investigation, to crystallize the results attained by other organizations, and by publications and illustrated lectures give the public the best and most thorough information on the subjects within its scope.

In one direction, particularly, it has a great field, viz.: to teach benevolent people how to conserve their efforts for really beneficial purposes, and to prevent misguided philanthropy and that injudicious diffusion of good intentions that results in the sheer waste of thousands of dollars annually.

Will England and the United States Exchange Colonies?

Ever since it became evident that Spain would lose her sovereignty in the West Indies there have been rumors concerning the future of the British possessions in that region that have had an interest for the United States.

Particular concern has been felt regarding the island of Jamaica, because of the increasing unrest there, the efforts of the British Colonial Office to better the condition of the island and inhabitants, and the local agitation for commercial union with Canada.

Events have formed a belief that the annexation of this island at least to the United States, was not beyond the range of probabilities, and within the last few days there have been many surface evidences that not much negotiation would be necessary to bring about an exchange of the [illegible] all considerations [illegible] pine Islands.

England's present situation is quite similar to what it was in 1890 regarding her interests in Zanzibar [illegible] many stood in the way of England's desires. England had the island of Heligoland, of greater value strategically [illegible] any of her territory, she then gave Germany the coveted rock in return for German concessions in Africa, which strengthened her own power in that continent and made her mistress of the Zanzibar region.

Paying Honors to the Women Who Helped Us Defeat Spain

Few can complain that either the President or Congress has been slow to recognize distinguished cases of personal valor which were shown during the war. From the day of Dewey's victory both have been appreciative and keenly alert in bestowing honors where they had been justly won.

It is gratifying now to note that Congress has begun to consider the non-combatant heroes of the war, and that it has chosen for its first marks of distinction three women who justly deserve them: Clara Barton, Helen M. Gould, and the daughter of the universally popular General, "Joe" Wheeler.

The case of Miss Gould is exceptional in that [illegible] has had thanks voted her by the Legislature [illegible] Assembly of New York and by both Houses of the State Legislature. The bestowal of special gold medals upon her and Miss Wheeler by order of Congress will be the highest honor that our Government is in the habit of awarding upon any one.

When that ubiquitous, indefatigable little body, Clara Barton, pockets the Congressional resolution of thanks, she becomes the first lady in the land in possessing the life right to a seat on the floor of Congress whenever that body is in session.

Erecting a Newer Mexico on Modern American Ideals

Within a very few years our Mexican neighbor has passed from a chronic state of revolution and political intrigue to a condition of bustling business activity, systematic internal improvement and unusual national progress.

Never was the country in so healthful a condition as now; never were all the activities that make a people great so keenly employed, never has the country stood so high financially, industrially and morally.

Much of this marked improvement is due to the sagacity and statesmanship of President Diaz, and an incalculable amount to the direct influence of the United States. The interests of our people are fast supplanting those of other nations, specially French and German.

The spread of the English language is something remarkable; it is seen in its larger use in business transactions, in the increased importation of books and newspapers, and in the general desire for its acquisition among all classes. The Government has made primary education compulsory, and supports it liberally, even in the smallest towns. The generation now coming forward bears the impress of a new era, and shows the thorough absorption of American ideals.

St. Augustine no Longer the Oldest City in the Country

Not only our maps, but our text books and histories will have to be altered because of the war, for a city has been found in the present territory of the United States that is older than the oldest heretofore known. Poor St. Augustine, with her proud legend of 1565, must step aside for an older sister, though an exceedingly decrepid one.

Doctor Harrington, of the San Juan Weather Service, has discovered unexpectedly and with but little searching the ruins of the original town of Caparra, near the site of Pueblo Viejo, across San Juan Bay, that was founded by Ponce de Leon in 1508.

Of the original settlement, only the remains of a church, hospital and a lime stone furnace are now visible. Natives familiar with the site and region, and also with the story of the persistent seeker of the fountain of eternal youth, say that most of the stone from the church, hospital and former buildings was used in the construction of public highways.

Authorities differ by a year only as to the date on which Ponce de Leon founded "a town separate from the Indians," and it is agreed that "the cradle of the Spanish race on the island" was abandoned in 1552. Though younger by more than fifty years, St. Augustine has a most decided advantage in still being quite alive and prosperous.

Our Manufacturers Threaten to Absorb the Trade of the World

The other week the Post noted the extraordinary crowding of American workshops with orders from foreign countries as a result of previously explained activity of American industrial representatives abroad. That this condition should cause alarm in foreign manufacturing centres is not strange.

A trade review of the Glasgow Herald for last year deals in detail with the general competition of American with British industries and bravely attempts to keep up courage. It finds its chief solace in the belief that foreign countries will ultimately prefer to wait a longer time and pay a higher price for English built locomotives that are more substantial in construction than more quickly delivered American engines.

The Herald, however, justly makes such acknowledgments as these:

> "—— notwithstanding the enormous advance made by the American producers, whose extraordinary success seems to threaten the trade of the world."
>
> "Lately the Americans have been, to a great extent, ousting the British from this market" the manufacture of locomotives for Japan.
>
> "American makers have been successful in very many cases in securing orders from sources which have hitherto been looked upon as purely British markets."
>
> "American manufacturers have during the year [illegible] our home manufacturers severely for the boot and shoe trade of the United Kingdom, and have firmly established themselves in our midst."
>
> "The Canadian and American makers will retain the bulk of this important trade (agricultural machinery), and every year sees the introduction of a new American competitor."

The state of feeling which is thus expressed seems crystallized in this enigma:

> "How comes it that America is able to deliver to our very doors boots and shoes at prices considerably less than can be accepted by our own manufacturers, while at the same time American leather, of which by far the largest proportion of our boots and shoes are composed, is sold to our manufacturers at prices even less than to American manufacturers [illegible] the so-called, and proved beyond question, that the boot and shoe operatives in America earn wages almost double ours."

Reform Schools that Serve as Nurseries of Crime

A New Jersey Judge has created a decided sensation by declaring that boys sent to the State Reform School come out first class criminals. In a State noted for the strictness of its judicial administration this seems a startling accusation. Unfortunately, this Judge's opinion is shared, to some extent at least, by many high police officials.

Reform schools are benevolently intended to be a refuge for wayward children where they may be brought to a knowledge of their duties to themselves and to society. The system on which they are based has long been supposed to be the best that modern thought and wisdom could devise. If they fail in their mission a most serious condition is created.

Experts in penology are, for the most part, agreed that the reformation of a boy is a far more uncertain problem than that of a girl, alleging that women and girls seldom become wayward from choice, and that where a depraved instinct exists naturally it is stronger in a boy than in a girl.

The present direction of thought to the subject is far from being new. It invites the profoundest study of practical humanitarians. Even wayward youth are of sufficient importance to enlist the best efforts to disprove in their behalf the police axiom, "Once a criminal, always a criminal."

Checking the Rush of Young Men from Farms to Cities

Minnesota is the first State that has succeeded in checking the rush of young men from the country to the big cities. This result has been brought about through the influence of a State school that is agricultural in fact as well as in name.

An institution that can so impress its work on students that an average of ninety-five out of every hundred of them are willing to return to farm life, and put into practice the advanced methods practically taught in the school, is deserving of high commendation.

It is evident that the secret of the Minnesota school lies in its organization and management, for there are many other institutions in the country of a supposed like character that cannot show anything near such results.

There are now sixty-five colleges of agriculture and the mechanic arts in the United States that have been endowed by Acts of Congress, and forty-eight States and Territories received each $25,000 from the Federal Treasury last year for the promotion of practical agricultural and mechanical education.

An examination of the reports of these institutions leads to the belief that in many instances such schools have been created as departments of existing colleges more to secure the Government appropriation than to make practical farmers and mechanics.

Placing the Blame for Army Mismanagement

If the rumored findings of the President's Commission to investigate the operations of certain bureaus in the War Department during the war should prove true, it will be evident that the Commission has acted in the spirit of its appointment, without fear or favor in any instance.

It is said that the report is a unanimous one on all essential points, and that it declares the primary trouble to be the lack of proper military organization. In seeking to place blame where it rightfully belongs, it has left its mark in very high quarters.

According to the rumor (and the full report will doubtless be before the public by the time this issue of the Post is in the hands of its readers) Congress is blamed for failure to make appropriations for smokeless powder.

The Medical Department is blamed for failure to carry out proper sanitary regulations and for lack of inspections.

Secretary Alger is blamed for [illegible] his relations with General Miles.

[illegible]ral Miles is blamed for his general conduct and his selection of certain Army camps.

General Shafter is blamed for unspecified actions admitted in his testimony.

General Brooke is blamed for permitting unwholesome conditions at Camp Thomas, and Inspector-General Breckinridge is blamed for not making more inspections and for leaving his particular duty to take part in the battle of Santiago. It is further believed that the Commission exonerates Secretary Alger from responsibility for many sources of complaint, and credits General Shafter with as skillful management as were possible under existing circumstances.

The World Pouring Its Gold Into the United States

During the first ten months of 1898 the importations of gold into the United States were by far the largest in the history of the country, and the exportations were the smallest in many years. Only once before in ten years did the same period show an excess of imports of gold over exports, and then the balance was about $37,000,000, against that of $129,500,000 in 1898.

This extraordinary inflow of gold was the direct result of the unprecedented foreign trade of the country, a trade that brought the world into our debt to the extent of over $460,000,000 in the period of ten months. It is also noteworthy that the exports of American merchandise in the single month of October,—in value, $118,686,232,—were the largest of any preceding October in the history of the country.

A conspicuous effect of this great commercial improvement was the circulation in the country, on November 1, 1898, of the vast sum of $649,846,727 in gold, an amount which exceeded by $110,000,000 the total on November 1, 1897, and by nearly $200,000,000 that of November 1, 1896.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Close-Range Studies of People as they Pass

When Shafter Inflicted Mourning

The story is told that when Shafter was senior Colonel of the Army he was temporarily in charge of some Western post, and numbered in his command an exceedingly bright, capable fellow whose cleverness was continually getting him the non commission stripes, and whose escapades were just as frequently getting him reduced to the ranks

One day this soldier turned up at Shafter's quarters with a long face, and applied for leave to attend the funeral of his mother, who had died the previous night, he said, in the town. The request was granted, but in looking over the records the Colonel discovered that this man had been granted leave the month before on the same pretext

Shafter said nothing, but a couple of days afterward encountered the bereaved warrior on parade ground. "Look here, my man," said Shafter solemnly, "I want to ask you a question. Were you good to that mother of yours while she was alive?"

"Well, sir,—yes, sir,—that is, I hope so," [illegible]

I hope so, too," replied the Colonel "I've heard of mothers dying for their sons, but never of one dying twice in thirty days for one. You may go in mourning for a month,—at the guard house"

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Joseph W. Bailey, Democratic Leader

To become, at the age of thirty four years, the recognized leader of a great party in the popular branch of the highest Legislature in the land, is an event hardly possible out of the United States

Over a year ago Congressman Bailey, of Texas, won this distinction, and within a few weeks events indicated the satisfaction of his party in the House of Representatives with his course

Boyhood Mr Bailey gave no promise of future brilliancy or greatness. He did not know the alphabet when ten years old, nor the difference between a preposition and an adverb when sixteen His early years were an intellectual waste, and he was expelled from the University of Mississippi in the middle of the course, although he had worked himself to the head of his class.

JOSEPH W BAILEY

From this time he became exceedingly industrious, and when twenty years old graduated from a law school. When twenty seven he was first elected to Congress, where he at once became conspicuous by his oratory and championship of Democratic principles.

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Why the Town Was Not Named for Alger

President McKinley seems to have been unusually unfortunate in his choice of Cabinet officers so far as popular opinion is concerned John Sherman had no sooner been named Secretary of State than hostility against the aged law-maker and financier took such active shape, and the cries against him became so loud that he stepped down

But the public's displeasure at McKinley's choice of Alger as Secretary of War has gradually grown to such proportions, especially in the light of recent developments, that McKinley's position is far from enviable

A rather amusing anecdote, showing Alger's intense unpopularity, is reasonable enough to be true In one of the Western States a small community had grown to such dignified proportions that it was deemed advisable to choose a name for the settlement The men of the neighborhood met to settle the momentous question

Some one suggested that in honor of Dewey's great achievement at Manila the town should be named Dewey, but the objection was made that already eighty four villages and towns bore that name Sampson and Schley were also suggested, but the statistical citizen reminded them that there were thirty eight towns by the name of Sampson and forty two by the name of Schley. Some one advised naming the town Hobson, but his popularity had waned, and

SECRETARY ALGER

[illegible] in the rear of the hall arose and said "Neighbors, I agree with you that our town should have a name which no other town in America will have There are scores of towns named Dewey, [illegible] and Schley and Sampson. But [illegible] name which we could adopt sure of the fact that this town alone will bear it. I suggest the name of Alger

The alacrity with which the motion was hooted down was scarcely complimentary to our Secretary of War, but it was quite suggestive of the general feeling of dissatisfaction with Alger and his methods

Russell A. Alger was born in Ohio sixty three years ago this month. In 1859 he was admitted to the bar. His health failing soon afterward, he went into the lumber business

After the close of the Civil War he resumed the lumber business and made his fortune in it. He owns a tract of timberland 100 square miles in extent on Lake Huron. He has contributed largely to charities in Detroit, and was once Governor of Michigan

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Mrs. Eddy Defines Christian Science

Some thirty odd years ago Mrs Mary Baker Eddy, then of Lynn, Massachusetts, recovered from a serious illness through the exercise, she declares, of convictions based on a new and careful study of the Bible. Impressed with the efficacy in her own case of what she regarded as a great discovery, she began applying it to others with results that led her to adopt Christian Science as the name of the new system.

According to the founder, the system is both doctrinal and curative, and it is in the latter sense that Christian Science is at the present moment the subject of sharp controversy in the United States and abroad

Mrs. Eddy declares the cardinal point in Christian Science to be. "There is no matter; all is mind" Further, she holds that "all evil, whether moral or physical, must be non existent, because contrary to the omnipotent, good God" From a survey of the healing work of Jesus it is argued that "genuine healing must be wrought upon thought, not body," and "Jesus' mission was not limited to any period, but touches universal humanity."

In a word, the curative theory or phase of the system is that actual sickness would be an evil; evils do not exist in fact, the supposition of sickness is a purely mental function; the mind, therefore, is what needs treatment, and the treatment is the exercise of a strong conviction, with earnest prayer for faith, that there neither is nor can be such a thing as a material sickness or evil.

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How Doctor Hillis is Regarded

If the Rev. Dr Newell Dwight Hillis, of Chicago, who has been called to succeed Dr Lyman Abbott as pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, were not a young man of strong character, his head would be turned

Thomas G. Shearman, of whom Henry Ward Beecher used to say grotesque things, declared of Doctor Hillis:

> "There is not another man like him to be found in the whole United States. He preaches to a congregation worth about $100,000,000. They give him already more than we can, and they have given him a broad hint that they will double his salary if he will stay, and build him a church, a Sunday-school, a mission, and every thing he wants. You cannot have this man unless you are unanimous and enthusiastic."

Doctor Hillis went to Brooklyn, preached one sermon, and evidently made a strong conquest of the congregation, for on a preliminary vote he received 246 votes, with six negatives and three blanks

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When General Wheeler Ran

GENERAL WHEELER

One of the most interesting characters before the public to day is General Wheeler,—"Fighting Joe," as he is better known. He is sixty one years old, but despite his years he is active

Wheeler is a fighter through and through. Veterans of the Civil War recall how he terrorized his enemies and inspired implicit confidence in his friends. The Spanish forces at Santiago learned to fear the old man, who seemed to bear a charmed life

When Wheeler returned from the front and resumed his seat in Congress as representative from Alabama, Joseph W Bailey, leader of the Democrats, threatened to challenge the General's right to his seat so long as he was an Army officer. But the matter ended as it began, in mere threats, to which Wheeler paid no more attention than to Spanish bullets

A doorkeeper of Congress is authority for the story that not long ago Wheeler had a race with a wheelman in Washington. It seems that Wheeler was walking along the east front of the Capitol when a friend rode up and challenged him to a race. Off the old man started, with surprising speed. Of course the wheelman won, but it was a diversion for the General, and no doubt he had the satisfaction of knowing that he was not succumbing to age.

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Senator Lindsay's Idea of Luxury

SENATOR LINDSAY

"If I had plenty of money to do with as I wished," said Senator Lindsay, of Kentucky, to a party of friends the other morning, according to the Washington Star, "I'd have music played at all of my meals, and get cigars made at fifty dollars a hundred

"Those are two luxuries I would most surely indulge myself in. I'd have the music played by a small orchestra,—say a horn, and two or three violins, and a flute, and a bass viol, and I'd have it play soft harmonious airs while I ate, and now and then I'd have some vocal music given by colored voices

"There's a peculiar harmony in a negro's singing tone. I'd have 'em sing such things as When the Watermelon Hangs Upon the Vine. That's a song calculated to inspire the most sluggard appetite. I remember hearing it once upon a Mississippi River steamboat

"A lot of us were aboard, and in the party was Hooker, of Mississippi. There were some darkies aboard who played instrumental music with banjos, guitars and a fiddle. I asked them if they ever sang, and they said they did, sometimes. Well, they struck up When the Watermelon Hangs Upon the Vine. Hooker had never heard it before, and it nearly set him crazy.

MINIATURE PORTRAITS

A Sample of Kipling's Style.—The statement that Rudyard Kipling had received a shilling a word for a story in Pearson's Magazine induced a wag to write to him and inclose a shilling postal order. "Hearing that wisdom was being retailed at a shilling a word," wrote the joker, "I inclose a shilling for a sample." Kipling kept the order and sent back the word "Thanks."

Doctor Jenner's Self-Reliance.—The late Doctor Jenner was essentially a self reliant man. His patients numbered Kings, Queens and Princes. One who knew Jenner well once hinted that his many responsibilities must be sufficient to render sleep impossible.

"Sleep!" replied Jenner in his characteristic way. "I don't think that anxiety about a patient ever kept me awake five minutes. I go to a bedside. I do my best. What more can I do? Why should I not sleep?"

When Dingley Was Young.—Speaker Reed, when told last summer that Congressman [illegible] was a young fellow, he preferred sitting up nights reading the latest Treasury report to holding a pretty girl on his knee. Isn't that so, Dingley?" "Well," replied the late author of the tariff bill, "I leave that to Mrs. Dingley."

Capron's Farewell to His Son.—It is said that when Allyn K. Capron was killed at Las Guasimas, his father, the late Captain, lifted the hat that covered [illegible] looked at him in [illegible] for a moment, and then said. [illegible] done, my boy!" replaced the hat, turned on his heel, and at once resumed his military duties.

Out of Sawyer's Line.—Ex Senator Philetus Sawyer, of Wisconsin, was last season taken to see the Oshkosh baseball team play a visiting club. "I don't know much about this game" said Mr. Sawyer presently, "but it seems to me our team would get along better if we had a few more men in the field"

Russell Sage's Courtship.—Mrs. Russell Sage gives this account of her marriage: Mr. Sage was a widower and wanted a wife. He had known me as a schoolgirl, and when he asked me to marry him I finally consented, fully expecting to read my life away with a quiet husband"

Why Walker Was Defeated.—Representative Joseph H. Walker, of Massachusetts, was asked the other day why he had been defeated for reelection last fall. He replied: "It was things, and more things, and votes that defeated me."

Jefferson's Formality.—Joseph Jefferson says that during a recent drive in Virginia he stopped at a farmhouse for dinner and was pressed to take off his coat. Refusing, the host said: "Go on; be comfortable; never mind ef yer ain't got no shirt on."

Ketcham's Periodic Deafness.—Congressman Ketcham, of New York, is deaf. One day an office seeker, short of money, met Mr Ketcham and asked him for a loan of five dollars. The Congressman was quite deaf at the time and said: "Hey? What did you say?" "Can you lend me ten dollars?" "Ten dollars! Why, you said five before," was the Congressman's reply.

How Dewey Punished Disrespect.—Admiral Dewey recently contracted with a native to carry stuff from shore to the Olympia. The boatman, after doing his duty, dressed himself in the latest European fashion to visit the Admiral,—silk hat, white shirt, etc.

When he presented his bill, Dewey remarked that there were numerous overcharges which he could not pay. The freighter Captain protested. Dewey politely replied that he would pay the original bill, nothing more. Mistaking the quiet manner of the Admiral as an admission of wrong, the freighter became insulting in his manner. With a slight movement of the hand, the Admiral remarked to the orderly: "Drop that man overboard." And in a moment the plug hat was floating in Cavite Bay, while the insolent native was swimming to his ship.

SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY AND ITS CUSTOMS

WHO shall trace the beginnings of anything? A festival is a chameleon, a Proteus; more shifty of aspect than the god, and, like him, immortal.

Saint Valentine's day has doubled and twisted and turned less nimbly than most of the supple old high-days and holidays. The softer side of mid-February has come to us in straighter course from a Lupercalian rite, of the days when Pan, the Nature god, and Juno Februata, goddess of marriage, had filched the little wolf-chaser's honors.

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Dropping the Valentines Into an Urn

For Lupercus, it has been written, was but a godling, and Olympus was ever jealous; so the time arrived when February fifteenth, not forgetting the shepherd's idol, yet became the festival of the quick-coming Southern spring; of the slinking of the wolf to his den, unchased; of prayers for the fertility of flocks and fields; of the mating of birds and the new birth of flowers. And in those days, in honor of Pan and Juno, there arose, or there grew, the vogue of this custom:

Writing or causing some scribe to write the names of maidens, the swarthy, togaed youths dropped their tablets into an urn, and drew out again by lot each the name of her with whom in jest he was paired till the next Lupercal. And sometimes the jest was only jest, and sometimes it ended in the Roman marriage lines, "Wherever thou art, Caius, there am I, Caia." More of the love lottery no one has told us, but that oracles went with it, and divinations and many ways of forecasting the lot, is certain.

Now, here are two strange things: This drawing for sweethearts, unchanged, lasted in England till the present century, though the choosing of sweethearts grew up beside it, and Saint Valentine had quite as much to do with it all as Guy Fawkes with Thanksgiving.

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Leading Lovers a Dance

Who was this intrusive saint, who wrenched their festival from Pan and Juno, as they from the little wolf-chaser? Count it among life's ironies that Valentine is patron saint of epileptics, not of lovers.

It is told of the epileptic Bishop that he was a gentle character, charitable, benignant, and blessed with a tongue marvelously persuasive in converting the pagan. His zeal met the usual reward,—on the fourteenth of February, in the year 270, by order of the Emperor Claudius, he was beaten with clubs and beheaded. The martyr was canonized, and his remains are preserved at Rome in the Church of Saint Prassede.

But the Lupercal and the love lottery lived after him, as they had lived before him. Every year, on the day following his martyrdom, tablets were inscribed and lots were drawn in the name of the Lycian Pan and of Juno. In 498 the Lupercalian games were forbidden by Pope Gelasius, who was a reformer and forbade many things he could no more control than he could the ways of young men and maidens.

Of him they took little heed, though ever in the eyes of the church the lottery was nothing less than a scandal; and the day came when, with the ingenuity that often rounds out saintliness, the holy fathers shifted their ground, adopting and Christianizing the pagan practice.

By setting back the lottery from February fifteenth to the fourteenth, they made it fall on the nearest saint's day, the anniversary of the martyred Valentine. So slight a thing as the accident of date transformed the patron of epileptics into Elia's "Arch-flamen of Hymen, immortal go-between."

Here mark a second of life's little ironies, for, at thought of such sacrilege, the heads of the fathers would have wagged in horror. They decreed that the names inscribed on the tablets should no more be those of maidens, but of holy men, each youth taking as his exemplar the saint whose name he drew.

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Winning a Sweetheart at a Lottery

Many followed the teaching, being exhorted thereto by good men like Saint Francis de Sales, but others held aloof or relapsed into error. Or it may be that in this, as in other matters, the English, our forbears, were stiff-necked; for while the drawing of saints was long ago dropped and forgotten, the drawing of valentines has gone merrily forward in England, and literature is full of the Bishop, from Chaucer to Le Gallienne. Messon describes the valentine lottery in the reign of the first George as follows:

"An equal number of maids and bachelors get together; each writes his or her true name or a feigned name upon a separate billet, and these billets are mixed together and drawn for by way of lots, the maids taking the men's billets and the men the maids', so that each of the young men lights upon a girl whom he calls his valentine, and each of the girls upon a young man whom she calls hers. By this means each has two valentines, but the man sticks faster to the valentine that has fallen by lot to him than to the valentine to whom he has fallen."

Maybe not always, M. Messon.

Children used to catch valentines by being first with the greeting:

"Good morrow to you, Valentine;
Curl your locks as I do mine,—
Two before and three behind;
Good morrow to you, Valentine."

But this must be done before sunrise, else the valentine was sunburned.

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Revelations of Rose Buds and Bay Leaves

On Saint Valentine's eve there are ways of divination. Herrick tells of a pretty one with rose buds, but he also says that the married must give up choosing, and not go Maying. Well recommended is the plan of pinning a bay leaf to each corner of the pillow and one in the middle. If then one dreams of a sweetheart it is a sign of marriage.

The Lupercal legend that birds mate at the festival has never been received by British and American songsters, who cannily evade domestic responsibilities till times are easy and bank accounts with the early worm more readily opened. But poets stick to tradition.

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When Chap-Books Were Sent as Valentines

The valentine as we know it is but a modern innovation. The written valentine has not been established in favor two hundred years, the printed valentine scarce a hundred. And yet Charles, Duke of Orleans, held in the Tower of London in 1415, wrote sentimental and chivalrous valentines.

The valentine collection of Mr. F. H. Baer, of Cleveland, Ohio, contains many of the curious little chap-books known as valentine writers, which at the beginning of this century supplied "pleasing and original verses suitable for ladies and gentlemen."

Mr. Baer's earliest written valentine was addressed to Sarah Brett, in 1790, and, instructively, the British Museum has its counterpart, directed in the same hand to another woman. The sheet is a foot square, but was ingeniously folded for the post into squares of four inches. It was sealed with a heart, and about the four sides run in faded ink the lines:

"When you hear this harte beholde,
Twill breake as you theses lines unfolde.

"The power of envy cannot pretend
To say I have fals verses pend.

"For in the Inside Sweet Turtle dove
I've wrote the morrals of my love.

"Thou art the maid and only maid
That has my honest hart trapad."

Breaking the seal, Miss Brett found other verses, one couplet to each of the four outer squares:

"My dearest dear and blest devine
I have pictured here your hart and mine.

"And cubit with his fatal dart
Has deeply wounded my poor hart.

"And has betwixt us fixt a cross
Which makes me to lament my loss.

"And never will my poor hart have ease
Till our hearts are joined as these."

Unfolding again she found on the inner square:

"If you refuse with me to wed,
Twill bring destruction to my head.

"Pale death at last shall stand my friend
And bring my sorrow to an end."

A gilt heart occupies the middle of the sheet, and about it are the closing lines:

"If you'll be mine
I will be thyne
And so good
Morrow Valentine."

The printed valentines of Mr. Baer's collection begin with 1810. Some of the earlier specimens show that both the picture and a part of the ornament were first printed on the lithograph stone and then colored by hand. There are blue lawns and green skies, blue-bells

WHEN THE HAPPINESS OF A LIFETIME DEPENDED ON CHANCE

painted red, and an infinite variety of birds and butterflies as brilliant as crude.

By 1840 valentines had become noticeably smaller and daintier. Designs relaxed their stiffness and formality, paint disappeared, colors shone less gaudily. The modern combinations of lace paper and stamped or embossed flowers in their natural colors came into market, to be brought little by little to their present amazing complexity. Screens of gauze over satin backgrounds appeared, hiding temples of love and all manner of surprises. The embossed envelope with its rosebuds and true lovers' knots was introduced, and the trade grew to such proportions as to give employment to large numbers of women and girls. Those were the palmy days of the valentine, when the mails were loaded on February fourteenth as they are now at Christmas holidays.

THE forest is always fair, and its health is ruder and finer in snow time than in the days of leafage, for all the moulds and fungi, all the malarias and microbes that, theoretically, might be found, are frozen, blanketed away from sight, from smell, innocuous. True, its range of color is less than it is in its green and red days, yet there is more of it than you may believe without the seeing. You must study the red and pink and yellow lights, and blue, green and purple shadows that paint the snow.

And do you know how late the crimson of the oak leaves burns on the boughs? Have you seen the tough-leaved laurel and rhododendron in January, filled with buds against the spring's unfolding, and seemingly as prosperous as many another plant in July? Have you seen the greenness of the honeysuckle and iris a month after the snow came down? Under these crusts of snow and ice, that shatter and slide to right and left as you plow through them, do you note the gray and vernal aspect of the pipsissewa, the checkerberry, the partridge vine? And as to mosses, why, those in sheltered places among the rocks seem to be in the health and increase of the summer.

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The Trees that Never Sleep

Then there are the friendly cedars, spruces, pines and hemlocks, sombre, almost black, as we see them against the snow, but as living as ourselves, and the only trees that thoroughly enjoy the winter. Others hibernate, while the evergreens refuse even to take short naps.

You doubt it? You will not do so after keeping their company on a winter day or night. When the stars flash in a clear sky, or the electric fires leap in the North, the firs and cedars rock their heads together and gossip softly of the wonder, the beauty, that is as strange and keen as when the world was new. There is a state and pomp in these trees that are their own. In mere strength the oak is chief. Look at this giant with roots hid in drifts. It is the gladiator of the wood. If some lesser tree started with it in the race for life, we may believe the puny thing was overshadowed, crowded, compelled into a decline, and forced to perish.

The oak demands all the air and light in the territory it covers. Snow, far from being a harm to it, is refreshment. Salts and gases locked in the stones shall be dissolved this winter and set flowing in the fresh blood that mounts with the March sun to the making of buds and new wood. See how the sloughing of the leaves has revealed the anatomy of the oak: stark, rugged, gnarly, every branch trussed and anchored to defy the blasts, able to bear thrice the strain of wind and twenty times the load of leaves that will be put upon it; a type of endurance and health.

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The Glitter of Icicles on the Pines

The pine has more symmetry, more grace; its charm is feminine, while the oak is of all trees masculine. The pine has also the beauty of mystery and reserve. Our ears are not sharp enough to catch what it says when it hums and whispers, and if they were our wits are still too dull to translate it. We may know, some day, when the little affairs of men are held at their value, and the truths of Nature are sought with more reverence and more eagerness.

In our walk to-day, though we are sated with beauty, with the freshness of the air, the loveliness of the sky, the silver shine of the snow, the grace and glitter of the icicles that drape the ledges, the picturesqueness of the trees, we still feel a certain aloofness. We have offered our suit in frank, pure love, but we are not yet accepted. We say it is because we cannot descend to the level of inanimate Nature, and cannot raise it to ours.

This vanity of men! How do we know it is inanimate? How do we know that the moving and the firm are not in change, as evolution shows they were in other times? I do not like this patronage toward the woods and hills. I do not indorse men's arrogant claim that the earth was made for them. We shall never conquer our way to the heart of the world. We must win it, or be won. We have more need of the earth than the earth has need of us, and our bulging self-assertion becomes ridiculous when a hundred of our fellows go to the ocean's bottom, or are buried in a sand storm, or perish in the August heat. It will be a long time before we shall say to Nature, "Do this," and it shall be done as we desire.

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Where the Trees are Two Hundred Feet High

The real savor of the woods can be had only in those parts of the earth where the hand of the spoiler has been on them either not at all or lightly, and such regions are becoming infrequent. Indiscriminate chopping is drying up the streams that headed in these leafy shelters, is taking charm out of the landscape, is driving the birds farther and farther by depriving them of nesting places, and exposing the innocent life of the woods to the gun of the murderer.

If you would know the forest, see those vast reaches of the Douglas fir in British Columbia,—trees 200 feet high, as straight as spires, yet not so dense that you cannot see through and above them the shine of snowfields or spectral glaciers curving hugely down the Alplike Selkirks. Our State of Maine, too, is a good imitation of a wilderness, and you find more company in the forest in winter than at any other time. When the snow floor is laid and the stinging nightly cold of ten to twenty degrees below zero sets in, life stirs in recesses of the wood that never knew the foot of man.

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The Outdoor Life of the Choppers

In some small opening you will find a hut of logs, the chinks stuffed with moss or plastered with clay, the roof,—where hedge-pigs scratch for entrance at night,—of slabs; a space about the door littered with firewood, axes, cans and harness,—a camp of woodchoppers. They cut in winter because the roof is off from the woods, so they can see to sled their timber to the rivers.

Inside the cabins are rude enough, with fire a-cracking, with plenty of straw and blankets in the double tier of berths, with coffee steaming and potatoes smoking on the plank table, with a fiddle or accordion jigging merrily, and many pipes in stenchful competition, there is a cheer and heart about the place you miss in the Waldorf. Human nature is frankest when it lives on easy terms with the greater Nature.

These choppers, hearty, hungry, swarthy fellows, Canucks some of them, Indians some, Yankees others, have food enough, work enough, sleep enough, warmth enough, and these advantages fill life for millions of the race. They feel the largeness and healthy spirit of the wood in which they are buried; but the esthetic in them is not cultivated to a point where conscious pleasure in its solemnity, its beauty, is possible. They are nearly wild, but they have the customary virtues, and the strength of the trees is in them. They are content with little,—even too little,—soap. Few brutes are so neglectful of their persons as men can be. This probably comes of wearing clothes, for downright savages, who do with little, often get into the water. Every now and then some intensely social person gibes at the hills, spurns his mother, and points to barbarians as people who "get down to Nature," meaning, down to their own filth. Neither savage nor mocker live up to Nature. They have not tried to see what it means.

A walk through winter woods is a spiritual cleansing. You are your own company, for the wild life you may see,—a hare, an owl,—is furtive and fugitive, having good cause to keep away from men, and in the brilliant light, so white and sharp that it is wise to wear blue glasses, all the devils and repentances scuttle away for hiding to the town.

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When the Forest is No Longer Ghostly

If it is dark and misty, so much the more impressive. The hills are solemn when clouds whirl by, graying and sobering everything, and hiding their tops so that the woods ascend to any height we like to fancy. And when the vapors have melted upward through the tree tops, when the forest is no longer ghostly, when the sun comes out, then you are in another planet,—a world of crystal. For the fog has cased every trunk, branch, twig and dead leaf in ice. Every tree is a candelabrum flashing forth a thousand points of rainbow light.

Is winter harsh? Such loveliness is worth a blight or two. But it is not harsh. It is merely the resting time, when trees breathe faintly, when their pulse is slight, when they harden and repair the breakage of autumn gales and ravages of insects.

In the stillness of a perfect day one's eyes and ears are sharp for traces of life and tree motion. The crack and fall of a withered branch, under the scissoring of the frost or a weight of snow, is startling; the descent of a bird to strip a grass head or despoil some weed of its dry, brown pods is an incident.

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The Beautiful Snow-Blossoms on the Branches

We make our own events in the constant moving forward that changes groups and scene among the trunks and limbs about us. We miss the birds' spring music and the autumn calls of insects, but a surge of wind through the forest is the symphony, and the tinkle and murmur of unseen rills, running beneath the snow, are solos in the winter concert. We think regretfully and hopefully of June sunshine and vivid green, yet the woods are just as beautiful when the earth is white and when every branch holds its mass of snow-blossoms.

The world is chastened and softened then, a little deeper sunk in its mysteries, a little less friendly and more private, but, in proportion as it eludes us, more stimulating, more enchanting. It offers to us a more absolute solitude for our thinkings and our self-restorings, it widens our field of discovery, since most of humanity has rushed under cover, and it suggests, like poetry. Go out in starlight or moonlight and listen to those ice-dust ghosts that whisper across the clearings in eddies of the wind; hear the boom of cracking ice on the pond; the soft talk of the pines; the roar of the gale in the bare branches or in the rocky glen, and you may hear wisdom or comfort, or earn some hint out of the infinite that you cannot take from the definite speech of men.

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HOW I MADE MY FIRST $1000

I—ANDREW CARNEGIE

CHOOSE at random almost any self-made American millionaire, get if you can his real life-story, and in studying it you will find that the hardest part of the work of building a great fortune is the laying of the foundation,—the first $1000.

Andrew Carnegie, for instance, spent perhaps the best eighteen years of his life accumulating his first $1000,—years of hard, constant work. He began saving pennies at the age of twelve, but not until he was thirty did he stand forth owing no man and owning $1000.

On the twenty-fifth of November last Mr. Carnegie celebrated his sixty-first birthday by making himself a present of a $1,000,000 plot of ground, two blocks long, on Fifth Avenue. Here he intends to spend another $1,000,000 building a "plain, roomy, comfortable home," to be presented to his daughter two years hence.

Since that proud day thirty-one years ago when he deposited the thousandth dollar,—the corner-stone of his present $25,000,000 fortune,—in the bank at Pittsburg, Mr. Carnegie has become the largest manufacturer and exporter of steel products, and one of the largest employers in this country.

The steel and the coke companies of which he is the head, and, as such, the controller of $60,000,000 capital, include seven distinct plants within seven miles of Pittsburg, and 40,000 acres of coal lands in the Connellsville district. He employs 15,000 men in the steel works, and 10,000 more in the coke works, in mines and in transportation. His monthly pay-roll exceeds $1,125,000, or nearly $50,000 for each working day.

Orator and essayist, he is, besides, the author of three books of noticeable success. Vexed if called a philanthropist, he has given Pittsburg a $1,000,000 library, and has promised to spend $4,000,000 more in the city in which he made his fortune. For libraries in other Pennsylvania towns he has given another $1,000,000, and to Scotland, his native land, half a million.

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When Carnegie Made One Dollar a Week

"Everything comes to him who works while he waits" is one of Mr. Carnegie's mottoes. Waiting, but working meanwhile, he began laying up his first $1000 while making $1.20 a week as "bobbin-boy" in a cotton-mill in Allegheny City. His father, mother, younger brother and himself,—the family,—had just come from Scotland, and had hardly got their two-room house "to rights" when "Andy" brought in his first contribution to the family earnings. But the lad of twelve was doing a grown man's work, finding his way to the mill and beginning on his bobbin while it was still dark outside, every morning except Sunday, and working until after dark every evening, with only forty minutes interval at noon.

Seven steps above this, eight steps in all, he had to climb before he finally put that thousandth dollar in the bank.

The second step was made in his thirteenth year. He became a dummy-engine tender in a bobbin factory, also in Allegheny City. But his work there was even harder than in the cotton-mill; for he was put to firing the boiler in the cellar, as well as to tending the little engine which ran the machinery.

•

Carnegie as Engineer

The full responsibility of keeping the water at the right temperature, and of running that little engine, the danger of making one mistake that would bring the building crashing down upon him,—he stood this strain and this worry very bravely, for one reason, namely: that he was contributing $2.50 a week toward the expenses of the Carnegie household. Even then he managed to keep out a few pennies every week for himself, and, instead of spending them, he put them away in a bureau drawer that was all his own.

After months in the cellar he was at last promoted to the office, and his income increased to three dollars a week. As he was skilful with figures, and could write a legible, schoolboy hand, he became his employer's only clerk, making out bills and keeping crude accounts. Thus he stood firmly on the third step, and nickels instead of pennies were deposited in the bureau-drawer bank.

The fourth step, at the age of fourteen, brought him into a new realm. The family had moved to Pittsburg, and here he found a "job" as messenger boy. A stranger in the city, his great anxiety was that he might lose his position because he knew so little about the names and addresses of the men for whom telegrams came pouring in.

•

Memorizing All Business Addresses in Town

He spent the evenings, therefore, wandering up and down the streets, and before long he could start at the head of any given business street and, with his eyes shut, name every firm on either side all the way

FROM HIS LATEST PORTRAIT

ANDREW CARNEGIE

down. He was now earning only a percentage on each message delivered or called for. When, at the end of the week, the amount exceeded $3.50 he added the surplus to the fund in the drawer; when less, he drew on the private bank to make up the deficit.

While he sat on the bench in the office, waiting his turn, the other boys talked, but "Andy" listened to the click of the telegraph instrument. At last one of the men taught him the mysterious alphabet, and very soon he became one of the very few persons in the United States who could take messages by ear,—at that time extraordinary.

•

The Future Millionaire Works Overtime

This led to his taking the fifth step. He was made an operator, and his salary became enormous,—$25 a month. With this he could and would take almost entire care of the whole family. But how was he to pay the bills and save money—even a little,—at the same time?

One evening, reading as usual, he came across the words "extra compensation for extra work." He began thinking. The six newspapers in Pittsburg were receiving their telegraphic news in common. Six copies of each dispatch were made by the operator at the next table, who received six dollars a week for the work. The next day the ambitious young Carnegie told the six-dollar man that he, "Andy," would copy the dispatches for one dollar a week. The offer was accepted, and thus a hundred cents a week went into the bureau drawer.

The Birthplace of Andrew Carnegie at Dunfermline, Scotland

One day a locomotive came bellowing over new tracks into a new station, bringing the first train over the Pennsylvania Railroad into Pittsburg. The Superintendent rushed over to the telegraph office, and gave Carnegie a message to wire to the General Manager at Altoona.

The young operator, who was then only sixteen, clicked off the message as fast as the Superintendent talked. Later, when the Pennsylvania strung a wire of its own, that Superintendent chose "Andy" as "clerk and operator," and subsequently as train-dispatcher, at $35 a month.

What a fortune was this to come with his sixth step upward! The family, with money from other sources, was doing nicely with his $300 a year; but here was $420,—tremendous sum! One Saturday night the hoard in the drawer was augmented by a whole two-dollar bill, later by a crisp five-dollar note, and finally $10 were deposited in a lump. Thus, by dint of "Andy's" persistent work, did the Carnegie family rise.

With the seventh step Andrew Carnegie became a shareholder in the Adams Express Company, and for the first time he earned money by other means than work. He was told that a man had died who owned ten shares of the Express Company stock, and that the shares could be had for $60 each. Carnegie, then past twenty, jumped at the opportunity. But how was he to get the $600?

He went home, and the family, in joint session, decided that the brave son must be given a start. They had bought a home in order to save rent. Mr. Carnegie's recollection is that the house cost $800; anyway, they mortgaged it, and thus, with what "Andy" took from his bureau drawer, the $600 worth of shares were paid for in cash. The Express Company was then paying monthly dividends of one per cent. The day on which he received his check for the first two months' dividend "Andy" understood that he was a capitalist.

•

His First $1000 in Sight

Mr. Carnegie remained with the Pennsylvania Railroad for thirteen years. The important incident, the eighth step, which led to "his first $1000," occurred on a train as it rushed toward Altoona. A tall, gaunt man, who looked like a farmer, came and sat beside Mr. Carnegie, and handed him a model of the first sleeping-car. The tall, gaunt man was Mr. Woodruff. Instantly Carnegie understood its value. He took it to his employer and friend, the Superintendent of the road, and a contract was made with the inventor, who thereupon offered Carnegie a share in the enterprise. He accepted; but to his dismay he was told that his first monthly payment would be $217.50.

Perplexed, yet determined, he went to the local banker, who knew him well, and boldly asked for the loan, declaring that he would return the money in small monthly payments. The banker agreed, and Mr. Carnegie signed his first note.

The receipts from his sleeping-car investment more than covered the monthly payments due at the bank, and within two years Andrew Carnegie, free of debt, had to his credit in that bank his first $1000.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the first of a series, How I Made My First $1000, the life story of men who have risen from comparative poverty to positions of responsibility and have acquired great wealth. The first $1000 is the foundation stone of real success.

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Ian Maclaren's Brier-Bush stories firmly established him in the first place among tear-compelling authors. We learned to begin his books with a handkerchief in one hand, and red eyes and subdued snuffling marked their progress through a household. Never was so much sadness and so much goodness compressed between the covers of a book. That little corner of the world of which Doctor Watson wrote was a school for saints, in which there was no Scot whose dialect did not hide the qualities of an angel.

It was this optimism, this appeal to the heart, in these days when so many of our novels are written by cynics in their twenties, who find few men good and most women false, that pleased us.

•

But where the author in the Bonnie Brier-Bush was satisfied to see us wipe away a furtive tear now and again, he demands in Afterwards (Dodd, Mead & Co.), his latest volume of stories, that we weep frequently and copiously. We read through a succession of death-bed scenes,—there are eight of them, I believe, in the fourteen tales, a greater mortality among the characters than the average sensational novel can boast.

Aside from this, the stories are slight and sketchy; but they are redeemed from the commonplace by a measure of those qualities which made Doctor Watson's first work so popular. In the name story, which is a fair example of the whole, Trevor, the husband, after his wife's death,—which occurs in the opening chapter,—finds that she whom he had slighted while she lived had been a saint,—"that Christ had lived with him for ten years, and his eyes had been holden."

••

The Woman with a Sense of Humor

That the way to reach a man's heart is through his stomach is a doctrine which has often been affirmed by a not always too confiding sex. Josiah Allen's Wife has argued the case pretty exhaustively, and now Mary Tracy Earle, in The Man Who Worked for Collister (Copeland & Day), comes forward with corroborative evidence.

For Collister, who farmed and "kept store" in the piny woods, decided that he needed a wife, and scorning the weak pretenses of the average man, that there might be no mistake as to where his organ of sentiment was located, he came out flat-footed and announced that the first applicant who could "make good, light bread" should be Mrs. Collister. That there was more craft and cunning in this announcement than appears on the surface is shown in the development of the story, when the girl who could make light bread turned up for a look at Collister.

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This is the first, and perhaps the best, tale in the book, though the last one, Mr. Willie's Wedding Veil (Miss Earle is one of those rare writers whose titles really mean something), presses it closely for that honor.

The stories between these two are all good, however, though in one, The Mask of the Lost Soul, the author is hunting out of her preserves, for Miss Earle only writes when she has a story, and one that is fresh and unhackneyed to tell. She spares herself no pains, she grudges no effort. And as a result, one finds no loosely constructed, no slovenly written pages in her little book. But more than this, the author has exceptional gifts of humor and of originality. A high place among story writers is hers.

•••

The Red Cross, by Clara Barton.—This is a monumental record of good work done, and a fit memorial to the big-brained and noble-hearted woman who, more than any one person in the entire story of the movement, has helped to bring about the splendid culmination of that work.

It tells how the idea, conceived in 1859 by the Swiss philanthropist, Henry Dunant, on the bloody battle-field of Solferino, and nurtured, in 1870, under the personal observation of Miss Barton on the still bloodier fields of Gravelotte and Sedan, was by her so recently as 1882 introduced into this country after much preliminary travail with Presidents and Senators. Since then the American branch of the International Red Cross, besides coöperating with the European societies in the relief of the Armenian and other foreign sufferers, has ever been at the front in its own land whenever cyclone or flood, famine or pestilence has summoned the presence of its agents.

But its crowning work was performed among the Havana reconcentrados before the war, and in the military hospitals at Siboney and Santiago up to and after its close. It is the chapters dealing with our recent war that possess the most startling interest.

•

Miss Barton is amiability itself. She is rarely betrayed into blaming any person or any department. Even in these rare cases she is altruistically anxious to recognize all excuses that might with any show of plausibility be urged by the other side. But it is this scrupulous courtesy which itself makes her story most startling. Summed up, it amounts to this: that she was hampered from the very start by the reluctance of the Naval and Army authorities to avail themselves of her aid, though the heads of both departments had nominally accepted it; that the Secretary of the Navy hesitated about issuing orders allowing her relief ship, The State of Texas, to leave Key West for the seat of war.

On landing in Guantanamo Bay her reception by her own countrymen was of the chilliest. The surgeon in charge of the American hospital at Siboney refused admittance to the doctors and nurses of the Red Cross, despite a woeful lack there of medical aid and supplies, and consequent sufferings that brought tears to the eyes of these kindly gentlemen and ladies. But General Garcia received them with open arms and welcomed them into the Cuban hospital. So marvelous was the change there effected that the angry clamors of the neglected American sufferers forced the medical authorities to a recognition of their mistake. Thereafter the Army surgeons and the Red Cross worked together harmoniously, though both found themselves perpetually hampered by official red-tape and departmental neglect and mismanagement. (A. R. Keller, New York.)

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An Idyl of the Wabash, and other Indiana Stories, by Anna Nicholas.—The ten short stories that make up this volume are simple tales of village life in Indiana concerning humble folk,—farmers, village schoolma'ams, country ministers, ranchmen, old cottage spinsters, and the like,—stories very slender in plot, yet making pleasant reading.

The heroine of the first tale, Miss Calista, had previously noted "the peculiarities of widowers." She knew at about what period their deepest grief began to lift its clouds. It was a very early period in the majority of cases. She could invariably detect the first indications that the bereaved one was able to "take notice," as cynical old ladies have it. How Miss Calista discovers the selfishness of her Presbyterian lover, and marries the Campbellite minister with twins, is well told. The first story is unquestionably the best, although the others show a fine appreciation of the pathos, the poetry, the humor and the tragedy so often found among simple village folk. (The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis and Kansas City.)

•••

Miss Theodora, by Helen Leah Reed.—This story is a lifelike study of the real Boston, the old West End, with its quaint streets, lined with trees, and sloping from the top of Beacon Street toward the river.

In an old brick house on one of these streets lived Miss Theodora, a typical patrician, whose efforts to keep up appearances and to educate her nephew are almost pathetic. When he grew to manhood and lovemaking, his democratic ideas were a source of constant care and anxiety to the aristocratic old lady, whose devotion to the family name and traditions amounts to veneration.

While the book gives a good view of life among genteel folk in a decaying Boston neighborhood,—and for this reason Boston people will relish the story,—at the same time the author allows her characters entirely too much rope, and they finally wander quite beyond her control. (Richard G. Badger & Company, Boston.)

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